THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVII No. 23 — E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. — $1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, MAY 1st, 1928.

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ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low rate. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. W. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 46-tf

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MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, on

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16th, 1928,

at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, AT THE OFFICE OF T. B. GERMAN, 60 John Street, NAPANEE, ONTARIO, the following property, namely:

ALL and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Fredericksburgh, Additional, in the County of Lennox and Addington, Province of Ontario, containing Forty-Seven acres more or less, being the West half of the West half of Lot Number Eight in the Fourth Concession of the said Township of Fredericksburgh, Additional, and being that portion of the said West half of said Lot Number Eight not devised to Leonard R. Dafoe by the last Will and Testament of his mother, Henrietta Dafoe.

The above is a desirable piece of property situate in a good locality, and should be an attractive opportunity for those wishing to purchase a small farm.

The property will be offered, subject to conditions of sale, and will be produced at the time of sale.

TERMS OF SALE :20 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and the balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and condition of sale apply to T. B. German, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Napanee, Onario.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.
22-d

TENDERS FOR COAL.

SEALED tenders addressed to the Purchasing Agent, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, will be received at his office until **12 o'clock noon (Daylight Saving), Wednesday, May 16, 1928,** for the supply of coal for the Dominion Buildings throughout the Province of Ontario, including the City of Ottawa.

Forms of tender with specifications and conditions attached can be obtained from A. W. Dawson, Purchasing Agent, Department of Public Works, Ottawa; and R. Winter, District Resident Architect, 59-61 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with departmental specifications and conditions.

The right to demand from the successful tenderer a deposit, not exceeding 10 per cent. of the amount of the tender, to secure the proper fulfilment of the contract, is reserved.

By order,
S. E. O'BRIEN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, April 25, 1928.
23b

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

For the last few weeks the citizens of Canada have been urged to show their loyalty to their country by preserving her forests and protecting her forests by helping to form a public opinion that will condemn the careless camper who leaves a fire smouldering where a flame will burst out at the touch of a light breeze, the person who throws away a cigar or cigarette end without noticing where it falls; the manlac who pours oil into the stove to light the kitchen fire and the people in homes and factories who leave waste about where it will take fire of itself, and all those others, who by want of thought endanger life and property. The teachers in the schools are asked to impress the pubils with the need of care and will do so, but the teacher must be backed up at home and these warnings taken seriously by the parents or their work will be in vain. The suggestion has been made to make carelessness in regard to fire a criminal offence, but surely sane people should not need to be in fear of the law before they exercise ordinary caution. The Institutes and all other women's societies could do much to make these with whom they come in contact realize that the loss by fire is very largely a preventable loss and that the responsibility rests with the individual.

* * *

Last week in Toronto the Central Council of the Canadian Red Cross met to celebrate the centenario of the birth of the founder of the Red Cross Society, Henri Dunant. One of the features of the meeting was the sessions of the Junior Red Cross officials, when the men and women who have come from all parts of Canada to further the peace time work of this splendid organization planned to extend the work among the school children of the dominion which has grown so rapidly. To learn to live so as to lessen the misery of disease and to help others, is the object of the thousands of members of the Canadian Junior Red Cross.

* * *

The Easter brides will soon be coming home from their wedding trips and getting ready for their post-nuptial receptions. How pretty they will look in their wedding gowns! One could almost wish that Dame Fashion had decreed that they should wear their soft floating veils too. Their own graces and perhaps their husband's mother will receive with them and the bridesmaids and other girl friends will look like gay flowers. The rooms where real flowers are arranged and the wedding gifts are much in evidence. Among the crowds will be many older people, friends of the girl's mother, possibly of her grandmother. They like the pretty reception; they have no doubt seen many as pretty and perhaps and perhaps prettier, but they have gone to call on the young matron whom they have known or whose husband they have known from childhood, from a kindly feeling to her family. They will then think if the days slip by and their visit is not returned? Don't let anyone tell you "It isn't done now." It is, by the people who are intending to take their proper place in society and whose parents have had a social standing in the past. Recently "Lucinda" had a visit from a bride to whom she said, "I am glad you are returning your visits so promptly." "Oh," said the pretty girl, the daughter of one doctor and the wife of another, "do you think I would let all our friends and the friends of my husband, take the trouble to come and call on me and not be civil enough to return their visit? I find a good many are out, so few people receive now, but I left cards and I have done my part." Fashions change and the day may come when brides will not care to have wedding receptions, some of them don't, even now, but if you do have the reception, return the visis. One goes with the other.

* * *

Do you know our Canadian birds, or are you like a lady who has lived much of her life in the country, where she has seen the yearly marvel of the birds passing northward, some of them staying with us for the summer to make it possible for us to have gardens, and others just calling on us in passing, who said, "I don't notice the birds much. I know a robin and the swallows and a rusty red blackbird" Her husband who was driving the car said to their guest, "Do you remember the long drive we took last June when we counted twenty-five different birds?" He had eyes to see and ear to hear and had an interest in his life his wife never dreamed of. Did you ever think that every interest you have makes your life just so much more full? If you love birds and flowers, not only in a general way, but giving each a distinct place in the scheme of things, the first tiny hepatica that you see in the grass will mean something and the first time that wheels over your head with the sun gleaming on his burnished feathers, will mean that once more you have seen a bluebird. The other day a little brown creeper was seen searching a tree in the streets of a city by thousands. Last year he was seen in the same place. He spends the winter in the south and found his way back. In a few weeks the humming birds, which also have been wintering in Panama, will be visiting our gardens. How can the tiny wings that flutter so quickly that we cannot see them, have carried them so far? Try to find out something of our birds and flowers and encourage the children to continue their study of nature, not only to pass examinations, but to broaden their horizon and to give a pleasure that will endure.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Ontario will be held in Kingston from May 9th to 11th. The greatest interest has been aroused by the news that Bishop Stringer of the Diocese of Yukon, will be present and will, on Thursday evening, tell the story of the Yukon with a very special set of pictures. The Bishop was known in England as the man who lived ten days on his shoepacks, which he chewed to keep himself from starving when he and his party were lost. The membership of the W.A. is steadily increasing and the coming year promises to be a large and interesting one.

* * *

Try this very up-to-date jelly roll. Beat three eggs, add gradually one cup of sugar, a tablespoon of milk and one of melted butter, one teaspoon of baking powder sifted with the flour. Pour into a flat pan well-buttered, on buttered paper and smooth with a knife, twelve minutes in a moderate oven. Have ready a cupful of cream well whipped, flavored with powdered sugar and vanilla and add a tablespoon of chopped nuts. Turn the cake out on a slightly damp cloth, spread lightly with jelly, add the cream and nuts and roll. Trim the edges and roll in wax paper to set the shape. When ready to use, remove the wax paper and dust the cake with powdered sugar.

RABIES

TOWNSHIP OF ADOLPHUSTOWN

All dogs found running at large in this township after this date will be destroyed on sight, and their owners sumoned before the magistrate.

J. S. JOHNSTON,
Reeve.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Special Meeting of the County Council of the County of Lennox and Addington.

Take notice that pursuant to the provisions of Section 299 of the Municipal Act, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1927, Chapter 233, the Municipal Council of the County of Lennox and Addington will take into consideration the passing, and if approved by the majority of the Council, will pass at its meeting specially called for said purpose, to be held on Monday, the 18th day of June, 1928, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, at the County Council Chambers in the Court House, Napanee, a BY-LAW to borrow $20,000.00 for the purpose of meeting current expenditures of the Corporation during the year 1928 unprovided for, being a part of the deficit in current expenditure of the Corporation during the year 1927 unprovided for.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

Dated April 30th, 1928. 23-g

McGreer's Phone 226

Cash and Service Grocery

Dundas St. Napanee

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That Little Store that Sells a Little Cheaper.

W. ROY McGREER

BATH VERY ATTRACTIVE OLD ONTARIO VILLAGE

NAMED AFTER THE NOTED ENGLISH HEATH RESORT; BATH DATES BACK TO 1787.

Bath is one of the oldest places in the Province of Ontario. It was established away back in 1787 when United Empire Loyalists spread out along the Bay of Quinte.

Rev John Langhorn was the first Anglican clergyman at Bath, and built St. John's church in 1793. This little edifice stood until April, 1925, when it fell prey to fire. The church folks were burning grass in the churchyard one Saturday afternoon, when sparks were carried by a wind to the roof, and soon the old place of worship was a mass of flames. Some relics were saved and repose in the new edifice, which is a replica of the old church, but not so handsome a little-building.

More than twenty years ago, John Burns, the well-known Labor representative in the British Parliament, visited Bath, as he desired to see the old Upper Canada village, which was called after the English Bath, which he represented in the British House of Commons. Mr. Burns was much impressed with the beauties of the little Ontario village. There is probably no prettier drive in the province than from Kingston to Bath, up the old Bath Road. Tourists wonder why the provincial highway did not follow this route along the Bay shore, and switch off to Napanee, but this was out of the question.

Brought to the fore as being ad-

Bath, a few months ago, was mirably situated for the foot-of-the-lakes grain terminal point. It has a fine harbor, as also has Collin'sBay, ten miles further east. Both Bath and Collin's Bay draw many summer campers and tourists, who enjoy the scenic beauties along the Bath Road, which more than 100 years ago, was a much-trvelled highway.—Whig-Standrd.

ROBLIN.

The K. K. K. meeting held in the Orange Hall on Wednesday evening was largely attended.

Mr. D. B. Lasher is improving nicely since his return from Kingston General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Weese and children, of Greenville, were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Arnold, on Sunday last.

Mrs. F. J. Vanalyne, Napanee spent a few days last week at her home here.

Miss Bird, of Marlbank, is clerking in Mr. T. Richmond's store.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest English have moved to Mr. McCutcheon's house at Robiindale.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bradshaw, who have been living at Robinidale, left last week to reside near Tamworth.

CAMDEN EAST.

Mr. Charles Wright has accepted a position in Napanee at McFarland's garage.

Miss Marjorie Riley has returned to Toronto after spending two weeks at her home here.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lawlor (nee Miss Hazel Barry) who were married in Napanee on Monday last.

Mrs. S. L. Williams is spending a few days at Harrowsmith.

The Women's Institute held their annual election of officers on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. T. Allore.

Mrs. Dunwoody, of Newbury, visited her brother, R. W. Longmore, recenly.

TAMWORTH.

We are having very wet weather.

A meeting was held on the town hall on Saturday evening last on how to grow better alfalfa.

Miss Euphemia Williams has returned to Kingston to her former position.

Miss Grace Beckstead, of Moscow, spent last week-end at her home here.

Mr. W. O'Keefe, of Tweed, made his monthly call on Thursday, April 19th.

The trappers of this district have taken up their traps and report a very good season.

Mr. Joseph Wilson, a shoemaker of Newburgh, whose home was destroyed by fire on Easter Monday is moving in Mr. Elias Wood's house.

Mr. B. Carscallen is erecting a home for his daughter and son-in-law.

Tamworth creamery is getting a good supply of cream for this time of the year.

Mr. Mark Gilmore purchased a new Chevrolet car from W. W. Redden.

Mr. John Hannah is confined to his bed but everyone nopes for a speedy recovery.

The Just Kids Safety Club has aroused the curiosity of many boys and girls in this district.

The roads are in a very bad condition and the council is doing its utmost to repair them as soon as possible.

The farmers have not been able to do their spring ploughing yet, as the frost is not out of the ground.

There are always two sides—the right side, and the side that calls names.

WILTON.

One of Wilton's oldest residents in the person of Mrs. Ben Mills, died in Wilton on Sunday evening last. She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband and two sons, Freemont and Harvey Mills. The funeral was held in the United Church on Tuesday, thence to Wilton cemetery.

All were glad to see Mr. Carty Davidson home from the hospital after his serious illness. His niece, Mrs. Colye, of Toyns Falls, is attending him since his return.

Mrs. Sprung Shibley is visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. Roy Hartman, Odessa.

Mrs. Rose Storms and Miss Dorothy Nelson were the guests of Mrs. Bert Purdy, Murvale.

The Presbyterian manse is expected to be finished soon.

All are delgihted to see Mrs. McArthur back in the general store.

A number from this vicinity went to see the movie, "Ben Hur" presented in Kingston.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

YARKER'S FIRE LOSS SUNDAY ABOUT $60,000

KINGSTON AND NAPANEE FIREMEN RECEIVE FRANTIC CALL FOR HELP.

Fire of unknown origin destroyed property at Yarker on Sunday valued at over $60,000, and might have swept the whole village had it not been for an engineer of a C.N.R. freight train passing through the village at about 4.35 a.m. He became the hero of the day when he raised a general alarm and was the means of saving untold damage and possibly loss of life. Villagers immediately began fighting the fire, which gutted the mill owned and operated by Fred Garrison, of Colebrook. A frenzied call was sent for both the Kingston and Napanee fire fighting apparatus and their timely arrival was the means of getting the fire under control before it spread to other buildings. Insurance on the property is thought to be about $10,000.

BROCK LEONARD INJURED.

One of the many residents of the village who assisted in the fight against the flames narrowly missed losing his life and is now lying in a critical state in the Kingston General Hospital, as a result of an accident caused when the second storey wall of the mill fell. Mr. Brock Leonard, the injured man, Brock Leonard, was carrying water when he was hurt. He had to be dug out of the bricks, and sustained a double fracture of the chest, three broken ribs, and serious injuries to the head and body. Over twenty men had minor injuries as a result of the valiant fight they put up against the tremendous odds.

LANDMARK OF YARKER.

The fire was the biggest one in local history and marked the third time that the mill has been threatened. Known for years as the Benjamin wheel factory, it was one of the landmarks of Yarker, and although it has not been running at full capacity for several years, it was an asset to the village that will be greatly missed. At one time the factory used to turn out over a hundred sets of wheels a day, but later the business slowed down and Mr. Benjamin turned it into a mill for the manufacture of baskets, crates and boxes. About three years ago it was purchased by Fred Garrison who has operated it since.

After the fire was under control, a blaze broke out this time in the power plant of the mill on the opposite side of the Napanee river. The blaze was checked before there was much damge, however. It started when a cable was released by the parting of a belt automatically opened the water gates and started the plant. Friction was the cause of the second fire.

KINGSTON FIREMEN HELP.

The Ahrens-Fox pumper, with a number of men from the Kingston Fire Department left Kingston at 5.50 a.m., and after a day on the road when the big machine slipped into the ditch, was at the scene of the fire shortly after 7 a.m. Three hose lines were soon playing on the mill and the buildings in the neighborhood which were threatened. Chief Armstrong was on the job before the pumper arrived. The pumper went into the ditch about two miles from Yarker and almost turned over.

The Napanee men were at the scene of the conflagration at an early hour and rendered valuable assistance with a couple of five-gallon double action hand pumps, which were of inestimable value in keeping the fire from spreading until the Kingston firemen arrived with their pumper.

CAUSE UNKNOWN.

The blaze broke out in the mill just below the office used by Mr. Garrison, and the cause is unknown. The building was two storeys and had a tar roof. It spred rapidly, devouring the buildings and jumping to frame building which was owned by Mrs. A. W. Benjamin and which was used for storage and other mill equipment. An office and residence also the property of Mrs. Benjamin, was the next building to catch fire, the cement vault in which were many valuable papers, remained undamaged.

The exact time of the start of the fire is unknown, but it had gained little headway when the engineer on the freight train observed it. He sounded the train whistle to no avail and then he woke up Mr. John Mains, who lives right at the station. Mr. Mains sent a message to the people who lived in the neighborhood of the mill and in a few minutes the first steps were being taken to save a spread of the fire.

A kiln directly behind the mill which contained a number of valuable machines was untouched, although the boiler room in the same building was damaged to a considerable extent.

FREEMAN HOME DAMAGED.

The home of Mr. J. Freeman, only twelve feet from one of the buildings, was menaced by the flames, but so well did the Napanee firemen, assisted by some citizens, fight the fire at this point with their hand pumps, that the building was saved with only minor damage. His grain mill, which was also close to the burining buildings escaped damage along with a store house, where over two tons of grain had been placed just last week.

A. Connolly's foundry on the opposite side of the river from the mill caught on fire but was caught before the flames did any serious damage. A garaage and a barn situated directly opposite the mill both remained untouched.

The rain and snow which was falling assisted in keeping down the fire, and the north-east wind prevented the fire from spreading across the street.

DOCTORS TREATED INJURED.

Dr. J. H. Oldham and Dr. W. Montgomery were both on hand and rendered first aid to many of the men who sustained minor injuries.

J. Bruley, while carrying out equipment from his barber shop, which was also threatened by the fire, was severely cut on his hand by a piece of falling glass. Six stitches were required.

* * *

ERNESTTOWN W. I.

Th Institute April meeting was held in the Institute rooms, and opened as usual. Some very useful answers to the roll call "Gardening Hints" were given.

Letters of appreciation were read from Mrs. Henry Hogle and Mrs. Gordon Young.

The flower committees' report showed that they were ever alert and active in their work. It was through their activity in the "Home Nursing" course about the first of June, and the Secretary was asked to make arrangements for same.

A thorough discussion of a school hot lunch equipment took place, and was unanimous that we instal one in Link's Mills school and the committee of Mrs. Milton Thompson, Mrs. Herbert Laidley and Mrs. Clarence Thomson was asked to wait upon the trustees.

Mrs. Wilfred Spring entertained us in a most pleasing manner by her recitation, "Getting Rid of Jim." Mrs. Kensal Priest, in her usual bright and happy style, gave us a splendid paper of current events.

Then followed a talk by the President on "Roses and Their Culture," giving a description of the roses of Italy, Switzerland, France and England, in England especially those of Kew Gardens and along the River Thames. She advised buying good, sturdy, three-year-old bushes and gave directions for planting, pruning, fertilizing, spraying and winter protection. A mid-said after he initial cost a rose garden was not expensive, but most satisfactory and always a joy. The following were the favorites ten of her favorites, but said to a rose lover with over eighty varieties, it was hard indeed to single them out, as of course one loved every rose: Mds. Ed. Harriot, Mrs. John Laing, Paul Neron, Gen. Jacqueminot, A. Jansen, Red of France, Frau Karl Druski, Lady Alice Stanley, Claudia Pernet, Gruss au Teplitz, Ulrich Brunner.

The roll call for the May meeting is "Suggestions for Next Year's Program," and the president asked every member to bring one saying that it would be better to have one from each member, than a dozen from one member.

* * *

DESERONTO.

Mrs. Theodore Clarke and Mrs. Putman attended the banquet of the Eastern Star in Belleville on Friday night.

Mrs. D. R. Jones, Mrs. Putman and Kenneth Bowe spent Thursday night in Belleville.

Dr. and Mrs. Wallbridge spent Saturday in Kingston.

Misses Fox and Wallbridge of Northport, spent the week-end in town the guests of the latter's brother, Dr. Wallbridge, and Mrs. Wallbridge.

Mrs. Rural Dean Radcliffe attended the Deanery meeting in Belleville last week.

Mrs. Hetherington of Belleville, spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. R. Hetherington.

Miss Helena Naphin, of Kingston, spent the week-end at her home here.

William, Gault, of Napanee, spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. T. D. Gault.

Mrs. George Houle and two children are in town at present, packing up, preparing to move to Keene.

Miss Ursula Brennan, a student at Queen's University, is to be congratulated on the success at the recent examinaions, Miss Brennan having obtained two firts and three seconds in her subjects.

* * *

S. S. No. 3, RICHMOND.

(Names in order of merit.)

SR. IV.—Dorland Turnbull, Kathleen Scott.

JR. IV.—Elsie Henderson (hon.) Irene Scott (hon.); Violet Cole, Iva Cole.

SR. III.—Earl Oliver, Gerald Hawley.

JR. III.—Bertram Henderson, Alma Hogeboom, Arthur Cole.

SR. II.—Clarence Dafoe.

JR. II.—Evelyn Hogeboom, Ralph Hawley.

SR. PR.—Muriel Cole, Harold Hogeboom.

BETTY ARMITAGE.

COMING :-: EVENTS

LADIES' GOLF CLUB MEETING in Board Room of the Public Library on Friday evening, May 4th, at 7.30 p.m. Will all Napanee lady golfers kindly attend.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

THE BEAUTY, LIFE AND COLOR OF THE SPRINGTIME

NOW, when all Nature is donning new and festive garb, when the whole world is vibrant with life and color, when new beauties spring up all around us

READY FOR PROMPT DELIVERY

Now, more than ever, people are turning to the car that carries the spirit of the Springtime . . . the "Bigger and Better" Chevrolet.

Now, more than ever, you will delight in the thrill of your first ride in this luxurious, low-priced car.

Go to your Chevrolet Dealer! Let him arrange a demonstration for you. Get behind the wheel of the "Bigger and Better" Chevrolet. Feel the happy miles sweep past with ease and smoothness, and share the care-free, joyous spirit of the Spring.

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CHEVROLET

THE LOWEST PRICES IN ALL CHEVROLET HISTORY

Roadster	$625.00	Cabriolet	$835.00
Touring	625.00	Imperial Sedan	890.00
Coupe	740.00	Commercial Chassis	470.00
Coach	740.00	Roadster Delivery	625.00
Sedan	815.00	Ton Truck Chassis	495.00
	Roadster Express $650.00		

All prices at Factory, Oshawa—Government Taxes, Bumpers and Spare Tire Extra.

C. A. WISEMAN
Napanee, Ont.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

GREATNESS THROUGH SERVICE

Sunday, May 6—Mark 9:33-50; 10:35-45.

Golden Text—The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. (Mark 10:45).

The disciples were human. That means they were sinful. Being human does not excuse our being sinful. And so, when they expressed their sinful desires by disputing among themselves who should be greatest, the Lord rebuked them.

It is not wrong to want to be great; but it is wrong to want to get greatness in the wrong way. It is wrong to want it selfishly. It must have come as a shock to the disciples when the Lord said to them: "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all." Greatness, to most of us, is associated with the thought of having many serve us. It really means serving many. The greatest Man who has ever lived is the One who has served most, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

Quite apart from Christian or spiritual truth, the same principles hold good in the world today. The business that can serve effectively the greatest number, becomes the biggest business. The most successful hotels, for example, are those that impress the public with the fact that they are really serving the public with every possible comfort and convenience. And so in school life, in the home, the shop, the office, everywhere, the one who is doing most for others soon rises to a place of pre-eminence.

But the Lord went still farther. He took a little child in His arms, and showed what a great service could be rendered in connection with a child: "Whosoever shall receive one of such children in My name, receiveth Me; and whosoever shall receive Me, receiveth not Me, but Him that sent Me." To receive a little child in the name of Christ is to receive God. Could there be a greater service?

Doing things for little children may seem unimportant, trifling. one may have to be "last of all" in order to do this. One clearly defined condition, however, is named by the Lord: it must be done "in My name." Merely being kind to little children was not what He was speaking about, though many seem to think it was. Caring for little children in the name of Christ is the great service of which He was speaking. It must be done as unto the Lord.

There is a sharply contrasting teaching in this lesson. To "offend" or "cause to stumble," a little one that believes in Christ is such a desperate sin in God's sight that "it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea." Surely this must refer to offering false teaching to those who, in the childlike spirit of belief, have turned to Christ. Our Lord's words are a terrible condemnation of the false teaching that is being given so widely today, in the name of Christianity, among professing believers. The penalty is great and solemn.

There follows a solemn warning of hell. It is popular today to denounce the Old Testament, because of its harsh judgment on sin and sinners, and to say that this is quite contrary to the "spirit of Jesus." People forget that the most awful words in the entire Bible on the subject of hell and eternal punishment come from the lips of the Lord Jesus Christ. This lesson passage is one such. It is better to make any sacrifice, the Lord says, than "to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

The passage is preceded by what the Scofield Reference Bible calls our Lord's rebuke of sectarianism. John, the beloved disciple, told the Lord that he had forbidden a certain one who had been casting out devils in Christ's name, because "he followeth not us." And the Lord rebukes John, teaching him that any good work that is done sincerely in the name of Christ puts one on Christ's side, not over against Him. Whether such a one is following us is unimportant; the question is whether he is following Christ.

The lesson closes with another incident of self-seeking as James and John ask the Lord, "that we may sit, one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left hand in Thy glory." It seems strange that these disciples in the presence of the Lord of Glory, who had sacrificed all to stoop and become man, could have been so filled with thoughts of selfish prominence. Yet it is not strange. We who know more of Christ and truth than they at that time, have fallen into the same sin.

As He questioned them, they rashly and impulsively (Peter had no monopoly on the boastful spirit) assured Him that they could drink of His cup and be baptized with His baptism. Little did they dream of what He meant, or of His coming agony and crucifixion, which they so lightly said they could share. Nor did they know what the Lord meant when He assured them that they should indeed share these experiences with Him. He says the same to all of us who believe on Him, as He says to us, through the New Testament Epistles, that we have been baptized into His death, and crucified with Him, and with Him "raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father" in order to "walk in newness of life" (Romans 6:4).

The climax of the lesson, and of all history is the Golden Text. Not only did Christ come to minister, rather than to be ministered unto, but to lay down His life a ransom, in order to buy lost sinners back from the dead. With this lesson should be studied Philippians 2:5-11.

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TAMPERING WITH MARKET MILK

It is no longer possible to adulterate milk with water or to remove a part of the cream without the risk of detection. Institutions that handle milk for marketing, butter making or cheese making are constantly making tests to ascertain the purity and condition of the product. Bulletin No 14, New Series, of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, fully explains the process of testing milk, cream and dairy by-products by means of the Babcock test, and tells how adulteration, skimming and other tampering with the milk may be detected. If part of the cream is removed the milk will contain a less than usual proportion of fat. The milk will also have a higher specific gravity because fat is the lighest part of the milk. Roughly speaking, for each one per cent. of fat removed by skimming, the lactometer reading of the partially skimmed milk would be increased by about one degree. The use of the lactometer is fully explained in the bulletin. As an example the bulletin cites the case of a pure milk that has a lactometer reading of 32, when one per cent. of the fat or cream is removed, the lactometer reading will be increased to about 33. Further it is shown that if the lactometer reading increases one degree with each per cent. of fat removed by skimming, the per cent. of solids not fat would not be affected. In actual practice it is usually found that partially skimming milk slightly increases the per cent. of solids not fat. Skimming milk therefore reduces the per cent. of fat and increases the lactometer reading leaving the per cent. of solids not fat normal or slightly high. If, on the other hand, instead of removing some of the fat, water is added to the milk this is also easily detected both by testing for fat and by determining the specific gravity of the product. If a sample of milk shows a lactometer reading of 32, one gallon of such milk will weight 10.32 pounds as against 10 pounds, the weight of a gallon of water. If one gallon of this milk is mixed with a gallon of water we would have 20.32 pounds which would be the combined weight of a gallon of milk and a gallon of water. One-half of this quantity, therefore, would weight only 10.16 pounds which would be shown as 16 on the lactometer.

If the milk in question contained 4% of fat with a lactometer reading of 32 the percentage of solids other than fat would be nine and mixing a gallon of water with a gallon of such milk would reduce the fat to 2% and the solids not fat to 4.5. From this it will be seen that adding water to milk reduces the percentage of fat, lowers the lactometer reading and the percentage of solids not fat, all three being reduced in equal proportions. This bulletin, which is obtainable from the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, explains not only the testing of milk for all purposes, but as well the testing of butter and cheese.

TO SAVE CROP OF FIGS.

Fig-Wasp Must Be Kept Clean In Order to Save Crop.

Warfare against a plant disease that threatens California's huge fig industry is being waged in California on a most unique scheme of campaign. It all centres around keeping a certain small insect, a little wasp no bigger than a gnat, as-pickally clean. If the fig-wasp can be kept clean the figs will be saved.

This tiny wasp, called blastophaga by scientists, looms so dirige in the fig business because she is the only creature that can pollenate the Smyrna fig, which is the most valuable variety raised in California. Blastophaga wasps breed only in the fruitage of the caprifig and emerge from them as adult insects covered with pollen. Fig growers fasten caprifig branches in their Smyrna trees and the wasps, attempting to enter the immature Smyrna figs, accomplish their fertilization.

Thus for many years the little fig-wasp has been a vital factor in the prosperity of California's fig growers. Now she threatens to be the agent of their ruin because a serious outbreak of a brown-rot disease has occurred among the figs, and the fig-wasp has been shown to be the unwitting carrier of its germs.

To break this vicious circle a drastic and elaborate clean-up campaign has been necessary. Instead of letting the fig-wasp breed and overwinter in its natural way the stock of insects that are to fertilize the crop has been concentrated in a newly-built "insectary" near Fresno and fig-growers have been required to ship every single caprig fruit here. Millions of tons of caprifigs have been assembled.

The wasps are brought out of their over-wintering condition in special incubators and are allowed access to the caprig pollen only after the fruits containing it have been carefully sterilized to kill the brown-rot germs. Then the wasps are induced to enter special mailing tubes which are sent to the fig-growers. Released in the orchards, the little pollen-carrying insects proceed to the Smyrna fig flowers and complete their fertilization.

Forests of British Guiana.

British Guiana has an area of 89,480 square miles; 86 per cent. is covered with forests, 90 per cent. of which are probably virgin, as only timber along the lower reaches of the navigable streams has been cut. Practically all of the interior is Government owned which can be leased on easy terms on a royalty basis.

The colony consists of three belts —a coastal plain, a broken mountainous region and an upland plateau. The variety of timbers found varies not only with the distance from the coast but also with the valleys of the different rivers. As the colony reaches from one to eight degrees north latitude, the climate is tropical and with an abundance of rainfall is ideal for forest growth. As it is outside of the hurricane belt, the lumber is free from the many defects caused by high winds.

CAPONIZING

(Experimental Farms Note.)

In an endeavour to determine the practicability of caponizing both Barred Rock and Leghorn cockerels and carrying them over until the Christmas market, an experiment was carried on at the Poultry Division of the Central Experimental Farm.

In this experiment one pen of forty Barred Rocks and one of forty White Leghorns, caponized at ten weeks of age were contrasted with pens of cockerels of the same age and carried under similar conditions. It was found that the value of the Leghorns as broilers (11 weeks) was 22 cents and of the Barred Rocks 49 cents. The cost of feed was roughly 15 cents per bird, leaving a profit over cost of feed of 7 cents and 34 cents respectively, and amount not sufficient in the case of the Leghorn cockerels, to offset the cost of labor, depreciation, equipment, etc. The prices allowed were 15 cents and 25 cents per pound for the light and heavy breeds respectively, these being the ruling prices paid in Ontario during the past season.

On the other hand, the value of these same birds as capons at twenty-seven weeks of age was $1.48 and $2.73 per bird respectively. The feed cost per bird was 55 cents for Leghorns and 78 cents for Barred Rocks, leaving a profit over cost of feed of 93 cents and $1.95 per bird respectively. The values allowed for capons were 35 cents per pound for Leghorns and 40 cents per pound for Barred Rocks, being the actual quoted prices of a large Montreal produce firm. By deducting the profit over cost of feed as broilers the total profit over feed and over the amount obtainable by selling as broilers is found to be 86 cents for the Leghorns and $1.61 for Barred Rocks.

In view of the above figures it is for the individual poultry keeper to decide whether it would be profitable to caponize or to cater to the broiler marker. It is a matter of choosing between profit over cost of feed of 7 cents per bird as broilers, or 86 cents per bird as capons in the case of the Leghorns and between 34 cents and $1.61 in the case of the Barred Rocks, taking into consideration the amount of land required, the labor expended, the depreciation on buildings and equipment and any other costs incidental to carrying the birds over to be marketed as capons. While it might not pay the commercial poultryman with high priced land and limited space and time, it might on the other hand be very profitable for the farmer to caponize since the birds would probably have free range and require very little attention. The factor of proximity to a market sufficiely large to cause a demand for high class poultry is also of great importance.

Complete instructions on "How to Caponize" are embodied in a bulletin of that name, obtainable free upon written request from the Poultry Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

GREER'S GEARS GRIND GRIST

BY ERWIN GREER.

(President Greer College of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Common sense and courtesy are the chief elements of safe driving.

17,000 persons are being killed every year because someone took a chance.

Common sense takes the guess out of driving and makes safety certain.

More than 70% of the fatalities are cases where a motor vehice knocks down a pedestrian.

Records from 180 cities show that jay-walking is a major cause of traffic accidents.

Different sections of the country use different signals. But always remember the car behind you.

You cannot be sure that the man behind you will know exactly what you mean.

But if you put out your hand whenever you are going to make any change in your course, either in direction or speed, you will give warning to those behind.

The man who cuts a left corner is taking a dangerous chance.

Children have a right to play.

They will play in the streets if no other place is provided for them.

Many playgrounds in your city mean fewer children on the streets.

Safety instruction in schools will mean more children accustomed to traffic.

Drive slowly in residential sections.

Let every careless motorist, convicted by due process of law, be deprived of his car for a period to be determined by the court.

This can be done legally.

The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce engages the best corporation counsel in the country to draw up such a measure.

A specimen measure will be supplied free to any community on application

If your city or state does not have such a law you will protect your own interests by urging it.

The name of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith is likely to live not only in history but in geography, for two far-sundered places on the map were named in his honor during his long premiership.

The first such honor was paid him by Sir Ernest Shackleton, who named a newly-discovered peak in the vicinity of the South Pole Mt. Asquith.

The second was the bestowal of his name on Asquith Town, near Regina, Canada, which is said to be the exact geographical centre of the British Empire.

Sea Shells In Glass.

The ancients often used sea shells as a source of lime in their glass making.

DIAMOND DRAMAS.

Brief History of the World's Largest Diamonds.

The oldest historical diamond known was worn by Charles the Bold in a pendant set with three large rubies and four pearls. It was stolen by a soldier, and later was sold to Jacob Fugger for 47,000 florins. The jewel was then sold to Henry VIII., and eventually came into the possession of Philip of Spain.

The "Great Mogul," first seen in India, is said to have weighed 700 carats in the rough, but when cut it weighed only 280 carats. Aurungzebe, to whom it belonged, was so enraged at this that he fined his jeweller 10,000 rupees. It is believed that this great jewel was taken to Delhi by Nadir Shah and is still amongst the Persian jewels.

The Koh-i-noor left India at the same time, but later belonged to Runjeet Singh. It then passed to the East India Company, who presented it to Queen Victoria in 1850.

In a Brazilian teapot the eye of an idol was a diamond. A French soldier stole it, and eventually it reached Amsterdam. This jewel became known as the Orloff Diamond. Prince Orloff bought it for Catherine II. of Russia, and it was set in the top of the Imperial Sceptre. It weighed 195 carats.

The Regent or Pitt Diamond was bought by Governor Pitt from the Partial Mines for £20,400, and was later bought by the French Regent for £80,000. It was stolen, but was recovered in 1792 and still belongs to France.

The "Cautvan" diamond, found in a river in South Africa in 1905, weighs 3,025 carats and is four inches long. This fine jewel was presented to King Edward.

Ex-Navy Men for Canada.

Former royal navy men with their families will be brought to Canada through the Navy League of Canada, according to the head of the delegation from Canada which recently conferred with the British body. The general scheme is to find jobs for discharged naval men and their families, the Navy League taking care of them from the point of their departure until they reach their destination and supervising them after being placed in employment.

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"Oswald" Adopts First Aiders

First aid, so invaluable to human sufferers in time of need, is usually highly appreciated by the recipient but never more so than in the case of Oswald, who showed his gratitude by adopting those who had rendered first aid and probably saved his life. As a result, Oswald has a private car in which he travels regularly and has become well known throughout that section of Ontario in which he travels, while the first aiders, employees of the Canadian National Electric Railways, have a new pet.

Oswald is a pigeon who suffered severe injuries when while flying, he attempted to push aside a rapidly-moving electric car on the Canadian National lines near Eldorado Park, Ontario. The pigeon was struck by the car and when picked up by the crew, Motorman Cecil Brown and Conductor Joe Watson, was found to have sustained a broken wing and other injuries. The employees of this railway stand high in their First Aid tests, having won the Galloway Cup on two occasions. A First Aid kit is carried on each of the cars an the contents of this kit were used in rendering first aid to the injured pigeon. Results were such that the injuries soon healed and the always photograph

pigeon was able to fly again, but it became evident that Oswald, as the pigeon was named, had found a new home for himself, for throughout the winter he lived in Line Car 252, making his home under the Quebec heater which is carried for heating purposes. And any stranger entering the car is greeted by Oswald with a flood of "pigeon English."

Since the accident occurred last Fall, Oswald has made every trip with the car, covering 150 miles daily and thoroughly at home in his new surroundings. If taken from the car he immediately flies back to it. At Georgetown, Acton and Guelph, "ports of call" for the car during its daily journeys, children and adults join in asking after the health of the bird which has become a pet all along the route.

At Brown's Mill, Norval Ont., where the crew go in with cars of grain and come out with cars loaded with flour, Oswald has learned to make a practice of leaving this private car and dallying for lunch during the switching operations each day.

The photographs show Oswald with his rescuers, the crew of Car No. 252.—Canadian National Railways photograph.

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THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER STAR

A Romance Of Drussenland

By Percy Brebner

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"I told them to be patient," I said.

"You did, but I don't think patience is of much use to them."

"Count Vasca didn't believe a word I said."

"No. Still, he is not too well loved. The priests hate him because he does not love the priests, and many of the knights hate him because they believe the princess thinks too much of him."

"Loves him, do you mean?"

"Yes. He is a kinsman of hers and wishes to marry her. Most of the knights swallowed your story, and the princess"—

"What of her?"

"Well, she may believe it or she may not, but she's a woman and you're a big, good looking man. If the priests say you are the knight expected I don't think she'll raise any objection."

"Let me know just where I am, O'Ryan," I said after a pause. "What tale did you tell of me?"

"I began telling the truth, and when I saw how interested they were I varnished it a little. The legend about the treasure says that a great knight shall come to Drussenland and find it. The priests' questions first put it into my head. Your appearance had already impressed the soldiers, so I just cut in and swore that you were the knight everybody was expecting. It was a pretty bold move, seeing it had not talked it over with you, but it was a good one—witness our being here."

"If the people believe this legend so implicitly, how was it you were treasure hunting when I first came upon you?"

"Easily explained," said O'Ryan. "The king in Yadasara is not much under priestly influence. He likes having his own way, and, although he firmly believes that the treasure exists, he thinks he can find it without any supernatural aid, and if it does exist I dare say he is quite right."

"Probably."

"Besides, he is surrounded by a good many nineteenth century adventurers, who care about as much for religion as a cow does for roast partridge. To put it shortly, the superstitious part of the people are mostly here with the princess."

"But what is the religion of Drussenland?"

"I'm not much at religion myself, Verrall," he said. "They are not heathens in this country, but everything has a symbol. You have seen how the mountain Khrym stands like a sentinel over the land. It is the most prominent feature, and when thinking of the author of his being and ruler of his destiny every true Drussenlander thinks of Khrym; therefore Khrym has come to mean God, and, although they do not worship the mountain, they believe that the appearances of the mountain reflect the pleasure or displeasure of the Almighty."

"Do all the people believe this symbolical jumble?"

"I think so—that is, all who are for the princess. I don't suppose the priests believe all they teach, but it suits them to keep up the superstition, and this war has become a kind of religious one."

"Have they no priests in Yadasara?" I asked.

"Plenty, and, very wisely for themselves, they teach what pleases the king. This kind of thing, too, has been done in the old country."

"So I am the expected knight sent from Khrym."

"You told them so."

"How the deceit is to be kept up I don't know."

"First of all, lock up that conscience of yours for a bit and play the game to the end."

"There seems nothing else to be done."

"Do you know what my name is supposed to be?"

"I think you are nameless at present. It is of little consequence. If necessary I'd just be too great a personage altogether to have a name and let them dub you what they will. Then, Sir Knight, whatever your name is, I am your humble squire."

The next morning was clear and sunny. Our quarters overlooked a large square, which appeared to be the center of the town, and, although it was early when I awoke, the business of the day was commenced. O'Ryan was still sleeping, and I did not wake him. Men and women were hurrying to and fro across the square, some staying to gossip for a few moments with their neighbors, talking merrily, and I could not help thinking that their conversation was of me. Looking across the town, I could see a large portion of the camp, where all was movement and bustle, armor and arms glistening in the sun, and the dull rumble of many voices ascended to my ears. Beyond the camp, across the spur of the lower hills, I could see the summit of Khrym standing out white against the blue sky.

The sound of trumpets broke my reverie into the square marched a troop of warriors with lances sloped and with rhythmical tread, and in the midst of them, attended by a dozen knights, was Princess Daria. She rode as a man, clothed in a light coat of mail, a low steel helmet upon her head, from underneath which strayed a lock or two of her hair. Her limbs were cased in steel, and her horse was in armor. No wonder her soldiers worshiped her!

"A brave show, Sir Knight."

I had not heard O'Ryan stirring, and he startled me.

"A warlike young woman," he went on. "That cavalcade going along Whitehall would make London think a little. Very warlike, but still a woman. Don't forget that."

"Am I likely to forget it?"

"Caught already, eh? Well, the women in this country take a lot of beating. I'm wondering how my wife in the capital yonder is getting on. If I ever get back I expect I'll have to do some more backing for her. When I don't turn up she'll say, 'Poor Dennis, he's dead, and then'"

"Well?" I said as he paused.

"Then she'll marry some one else."

"Are there no widows, then?"

"A few old ones. The young are philosophical. Mike may be a better man than Pat, but Pat living is worth any number of dead Mikes."

"Cheer up, O'Ryan," I said. "You must win her back if necessary."

The center of the square was kept clear, and here about noon three sets of double stakes were fixed firmly in the ground.

Presently a single trumpet sounded, and as its last note echoed among the hills a great shout burst into the air, a shout that woke the hills to voice again. A silence followed, and I could hear faintly a slow, mournful, although not unmusical, chant coming from some part of the building below us.

"Some religious ceremony," I said.

O'Ryan nodded.

There was the clatter of horses' hoofs, and a troop of knights, headed by Count Vasca, appeared. I looked among them to find the princess, but she was not there. There was a savage satisfaction in the count's face as he glanced up at our windows. We both drew back.

"That man will be our greatest enemy," said O'Ryan. "Before that he should not see us watching."

"His looks augur us no good," I answered. "It may be that the priests have decided against me."

"No. There is no audience until after sunset. You heard the command yesterday."

"The count may know beforehand."

"I don't think the old priests would make a confident of him. In their enmity lies our safety."

The doings in the square prevented me from asking further questions.

A company of men marched out from the building below us, having in their midst three men, naked almost, with their arms bound tightly behind them. They were followed by priests walking two and two.

Each prisoner was bound between two stakes, his arms and legs outstretched. Before each man stood a soldier, a drawn sword in his hand, and behind stood the priests. The silence was intense; I could hear my own heart beat.

"Three prisoners! Your followers!" I whispered.

Suddenly I remembered the words of the priest that tomorrow Khrym should be appeased. This was what he meant. Great heavens, it was too horrible!

I opened my mouth to speak, and O'Ryan's heavy hand was on my arm.

A flourish of trumpets rang out; three swords like lightning strokes flashed in the sunlight; three bodies quivered for a moment and then hung motionless upon the stakes.

My blood was boiling. Such cold blooded murder was appalling, sickening, and I longed for freedom to dash into the midst of those fiends and avenge the victims.

"O'Ryan did not give me time to be angry.

"You'll know that I was right when you're able to think quietly," he said. "You must forget that you have lived in the nineteenth century. After all, it was a quick death, merciful to many deaths I have heard of."

"Is there no way out of this infernal country," I said—"now, before it is too late?"

"Steadily, Sir Knight. Yonder in Yadasara are your enemies. You'll find even worse blackguards there."

"I dare swear that Count Vasca reveled in this murderous exhibition," I said after a pause.

"Very likely."

"And the princess?" I said questioningly.

"She must rule according to her people's law," said O'Ryan.

"She must have known of it." I went on, speaking rather to myself than to my companion. "Such a thing could not be possible without her knowing it. What deviltry can lie at the heart of a beautiful woman?"

"Aye, from Adam's time even until now," said O'Ryan.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER sunset was my fate to be settled, and the long waiting and uncertainty were terrible. When darkness came lights were brought, slow burning torches, which were fixed in rings in the wall, and more food and wine which caused O'Ryan to say a good word for our captor's hospitality. I could not eat. I was too anxiously listening for steps approaching our prison.

"I don't like all this commotion, Verrall," O'Ryan said, stopping suddenly in front of me.

"You think it a bad sign?"

"I know no more than you do, but it's all well to be prepared."

"What can we do?"

"Little enough, but when they come up stop them before the room is full. Hold up your arm in a commanding manner and ask their decision. Look as if you had the power to call thunder and lightning down upon them."

"And then?" I asked.

"If they have decided against you we'll go for them. Seize a torch, dash it in their faces, get hold of a sword if possible; but, anyway, fight like demons let loose—in fact, get killed this way rather than get tied up to die in the square there later on."

"Right," I said. "Hush! They are coming."

I took up my position close to one torch, and O'Ryan stood by another. The doors were thrown open, and the priests were on the threshold, armed men and servants carrying lights behind them. I assumed as commanding an attitude as I could and said in a loud voice:

"You have been long in coming. What has your study taught you?"

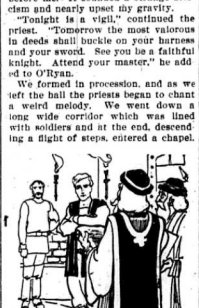
One priest, a chief among them, but not the one who had questioned me yesterday, stepped forward.

"Through the night and through the day have we studied, and we know that you are the true knight."

I bowed, and O'Ryan whispered "Good business" as he bent his knee before me. It sounded a strange solemn and nearly upset my gravity.

"Tonight is a vigil," continued the priest. "Tomorrow the most valorous in deeds shall buckle on your harness and your sword. See you be a faithful knight. Attend your master," he added to O'Ryan.

We formed in procession, and as we left the hall the priests began to chant a weird melody. We went down a long wide corridor which was lined with soldiers and at the end, descending a flight of steps, entered a chapel.



"TONIGHT IS A VIGIL. SEE YOU BE A FAITHFUL KNIGHT."

O'Ryan was not allowed to follow me. I went in with the priests alone, and the doors were closed.

The chapel was full of knights standing, and at one side I saw the princess, who rose from her seat as I entered.

Two priests led me to the foot of the steps on which the altar stood, and by the altar was the chief priest, he who questioned me yesterday. As soon as I had entered he began to chant a prayer, a kind of litany, in which the other priests joined. The litany ended, there was a chant in praise of the Being who ruled man's destiny, and other prayers, all chanted, followed.

Then the chief priest, standing before the altar, faced me and began a long exhortation to me. I was instructed to lay aside all the wickedness in me and during the night of vigil to prepare myself for my great mission. Other knights had kept the vigil and had been faithful, but I was different to other knights in that by special command of Khrym, who ruled the destinies of the land, I had come to bring victory to the cause of right and to stamp out all vileness.

"Through your day, Sir Knight, be faithful and when your evening comes lie down under the shadow of the great mountain. Sunset and sunrise shall not disturb your slumber until one more sunrise kissing the mighty hills shall awaken you in a new land where warriors rest and sunset robs not."

All night long I knelt before the altar, keeping my vigil. I welcomed the first light of dawn that crept into the chapel and began to listen for coming footsteps.

At last a flourish of trumpets sounded. The doors were opened, and I was led by the priests into the council hall where the knights were assembled. They welcomed me with a salute of drawn swords, and those who had been chosen beforehand, all men valiant in arms, buckled on my harness until I stood clothed in complete steel. On my breast was a raised device, a star in silver, and a like star was upon my helmet. With a shout the knights accepted me as a comrade in arms.

This ceremony over, we left the hall, and in the courtyard horses were being led by pages. O'Ryan stood beside mine, and I noticed that he had a serviceable sword at his side.

"All goes well," he whispered as I mounted, and a look of relief came into his face when he saw that I knew how to manage a horse.

Through the gates we went to the camp. A large body of soldiers was drawn up in an open space, evidently awaiting our coming, and as we approached Princess Daria came toward us. Being instructed by one of my comrades, I dismounted and went to meet her, and, drawing my sword, I gave it to her, holding it by the blade and presenting the hilt to her. She took it from me and as I knelt laid it lightly across my left shoulder, saying:

"Rise, Sir Knight, Knight of the Silver Star. Thrice welcome are you. See you be a faithful knight."

She returned me the sword, and although I had been told to do so I kissed it before I sheathed it. She smiled, and Count Vasca, who stood beside her, frowned. What did his frown signify now? We were both knights!

It was a day of rejoicing in the town and in the camp. Much feasting was there, and in a great hall the knights sat down to revelry. The comrade who had instructed me in the morning sat beside me, and I soon found that he hated the count—as he called him, Vasca, Knight of the Red Cloud. Each knight had some such distinctive title, my comrade's being Walen, Knight of the Blue Stone.

"Vasca rules the feast," he said. "He would like to rule the land."

"You do not love him?" I asked.

"I know him for a valiant soldier," was the careful answer.

"And are there many who love him?"

"We are equally divided, else Vasca would not rule the feast as he does tonight."

The count had risen not too steadily to propose a new toast, when, without any warning, the doors were thrown open, and the princess entered. The knights stood up in surprise. Never before, so I learned, had she honored such a banquet.

She advanced to the head of the table, and, calling for a cup of wine, held it at arm's length.

"Your princess gives you a toast: To the Knight of the Silver Star."

Every cup was drained, and the princess left the hall. The count resumed his seat, and black scowl upon his face, and the feast was ended. The two parties were more distinct than ever, for, while some of the knights left the hall with me, others gathered round Vasca, looking as angry as he did.

"The princess has made him your enemy for all time," said Walen.

"The silver star shall shine through the red cloud," I said.

"And there are swords in plenty to help," said one, drawing his weapon a little and sending it home again with a clash.

"Swords in plenty," they said in chorus.

Quarters overlooking the square were assigned to me and my esquire, O'Ryan. I had sought adventure, and certainly I had found it.

I paid assiduous attention to my military duties in the camp, looked sharply after the men who were my especial charge and in my leisure hours took lessons from O'Ryan in the manipulation of a sword. I knew something of the art of fencing, but it assisted me little in sword exercise as understood by my worthy esquire.

The days passed into weeks slowly, yet not monotonously. I worked hard in the camp and with O'Ryan perfecting myself in the use of the weapons of the Drussenlanders.

I returned from a council one day more anxious than usual. On entering my apartments I found O'Ryan waiting for me impatiently.

"You look depressed. You have heard the news?"

"What news?" I asked.

"That a tournament is to be held in your honor."

"No. I have heard nothing of it."

"It's bad news, Verrall; the first conspiracy against you," said O'Ryan. "They are going to put you to the test too soon for my liking."

"Tell me all about it," I said.

"They were full of it in the courtyard this morning," O'Ryan answered. "Faith, you were not wanting in supporters, I admit, and I had to bluster with the best of them to keep up appearances, but it was a heavy hand I had, Verrall. Vasca is at the bottom of it. He will challenge you and overthrow you, and of his opinion that you are an impostor and that you will go down before his skill like a dead branch lopped off by the storm."

CHAPTER VI.

"AND he is probably right," I answered.

"Of course he is. I don't doubt your pluck, Verrall, but you've had no practice."

"Therefore there can be no dishonor."

"Sure, it's not the honor or dishonor I'm thinking of. It's the result. A knight once from Khrym has got his right to bite the dust at his first encounter, and as sure as you do you won't have a friend among the lot of them."

"A cheerful outlook," I said, with a forced laugh. "What shall we fight with—swords?"

"Lances—a fierce charge across the arena, and then"—

"Dust biting," I suggested.

"It's no jesting matter. This Vasca, I hear, has never been worsted, and it's no light game he'll play at this tournament, I warrant. If he can put an end to your adventure, my boy, he will. Have you ever used a lance?"

"I have learned how to handle one since I came here."

"But have you ever charged at anything with it?"

"No."

"Then you don't know what a devil's own job it is to keep your seat. There's only one thing to be done—we must get out of it somehow."

"When is this tournament to be?"

"At once, tomorrow or the next day. It is only for the princess to decide."

"There is a court tonight."

O'Ryan nodded.

"Come, man, lighten your heart a little. You've not tied to the posts in the square yet."

"It's a question of time, I'm thinking. I'd feel a deal safer in Yadasara."

To say that I had no plan in my mind when I attended court that night would be untrue.

I was a late arrival upon a more than usually brilliant scene. Here in Drussenland it was much the same as at home, more color and freedom than there would be at such a function in the old country, perhaps, but the same foundation—love, political intrigue and personal interest.

The first man I encountered was Walen.

"I have been waiting for you," he said. "There is mischief brewing. It hangs in the air tonight. Vasca and some of his party have been pressing round the princess ever since she came in."

"And she is pleased with such attention?" I asked.

"I could read neither pleasure nor displeasure in her face. Few can read her, Verrall, if she chooses that they shall not."

"That is true. Even a princess cannot help being a woman."

"Vasca has a persuasive tongue, and he is her kinsman. That counts for something."

"For much, my dear Walen. It is difficult to refuse a kinsman, and time goes, knowing this, to take advantage and ask hard things. I will learn more of this intrigue."

"And speak carefully," he cautioned. "Much depends upon your caution."

Who could know that better than I did? Were confirmation needed it came in the many glances directed toward me as I made my way to the foot of the hall where Princess Daria was.

"Sir Verrall!"

It was a woman who called me as I was making my way through the crowd, and I could not refuse to answer her beckoning finger. She was standing, one of a little group of dames and cavaliers, tricked out most tastefully in knots of fashion in the court of Princess Daria. I knew the woman, as meddlesome a little vixen as existed.

"Is what we hear true?" she asked as, bowing low, I joined the party.

"Who would dare to speak anything but the truth to the Lady Aldrida?"

"As ready as ever with words, Sir Verrall," said a young jacknapes, a Drussenland type of Piccadilly lounger. I cannot better describe him.

"And deeds, too, Sir Knight, if deeds are called for," I answered, touching the hilt of my sword.

"You are quick to take offense where none was intended."

"I am a soldier first, a courtier afterward." I answered. "Pardon my shortcomings."

"Is it true, then?" said Lady Aldrida. "I was afraid we were to be disappointed."

I should grieve to disappoint you. Will you tell me what is expected of me?"

It is whispered that there is to be a grand tournament and that you are to hold the field against all comers. Since we have never seen your prowess, is it wonderful that we are excited?" and she laughed.

"I have heard nothing of it," I answered. "But if a word from me can save you disappointment, Lady Aldrida, be assured it shall be spoken."

"I would offer you my scarf as a token, Sir Verrall, had I not a knight to be jealous."

"Say rather a hundred, Lady Aldrida, or you do yourself a grave injustice."

"A sword as keen as your wit should insure success. Yet how few excel in both!"

I made my way as quickly as I could toward the princess. The priest Jasar was beside her; so was Count Vasca. There was a look of annoyance in her face, which was banished by a smile as I approached.

"You come at a convenient time, Sir Verrall," she said, giving me her hand to kiss. "Your name is on every lip tonight, it seems."

"I spoke, your highness, if I am fairly spoken of."

"I would call to account any man who spoke otherwise of the Knight of the Silver Star," said Vasca.

"I have been suggesting a brave display, Sir Verrall," he went on airily, as though we had been the greatest of friends, "as display to make young hearts beat with pleasure and bright eyes sparkle with excitement. The princess has not yet given her consent. Will you not add your persuasion to mine?"

"You have worked in secret, Count Vasca, or my persuasion should have seconded yours before this. Is it true that you would have me keep the field against all comers? Surely you do me too much honor."

"Do you decline this mimic combat, Sir Verrall?" asked the princess.

"Most heartily, your highness. Yet why should I be so honored to destroy the delight of so many? To hold the field against so many gallant warriors were impossible. Let me succeed once, twice—a dozen times. Still I am but human, and my arm can feel fatigue. How say you, Count Vasca? Young hearts beat highest when young lovers do bravely. Let lovers break a lance for those they love, and since you have told me deer enough to beat the faster at my coming you and I will break a lance for honor's sake."

"A challenge! A challenge!" said some about us.

It may have been fancy, but I thought the princess paled a little.

"It is bravely spoken," said Jasar and his eyes turned from me to the princess.

"May I venture to persuade your highness in this matter?" I said, bowing low before her.

Rather unwillingly she gave her consent. I could have been better pleased had she withheld it.

"I accept the challenge. No love creeps into our combat, Sir Verrall. You have so willed it. Let it be for honor."

The news that the challenge had been given and accepted passed like magic through the hall. At any rate, I had only one man to fight. That was better than having a dozen, one after the other. I remained beside the princess.

"You have chosen a strong adversary," she said in a low tone.

"I had no alternative, your highness. I had no power to give the challenge. I preferred to give it. Have I offended you?"

"You have not offended me."

"You have heard nothing of this projected tournament until tonight?"

"I heard of it today from my esquire."

She exchanged a quick glance with the priest which I could not read. I did not understand her well; the priest I did not understand at all.

"Sir Verrall, you have my good wishes. The test is one I would not willingly have put you to."

"Your good wishes are a sure armor, your highness," I said, stooping to pick up the handkerchief she dropped. Our eyes met as our hands touched over the handkerchief which I held to her. A look in them gave me courage.

"Add only this favor," I said. "Let me keep this handkerchief as my token."

"You fight for honor, Sir Verrall," she answered quickly.

"For honor and for the approval of my princess."

She turned from me with a heightened color and, with Jasar, joined her suit, but she left the handkerchief in my hand.

"FOR HONOR AND FOR THE APPROVAL OF MY PRINCESS."

CHAPTER VII.

I STOOD bending over the handkerchief for a moment and then hastily concealed it. I had almost forgotten what occasioned the gift until rudely reminded by Walen as we left the hall together.

"I fear you have played into Vasca's hands, Verrall," he said.

"Or he into mine."

"True, or he into yours. It is difficult to judge."

"Knowing so little of me, you would say," I went on, putting, I knew, his thoughts into words. "My dear Walen, I ask only a fair field and no favor. A few true friends and a good cause and success is half won."

"Men fall in a good cause, Verrall."

"To have that it is good to those who reckon." I answered.

Ill news gets abroad quickly, and O'Ryan had heard what had taken place before I joined him.

"Verrall, you're an almighty fool. Sure, it's sorry I am to be compelled to tell you the truth."

"I don't fancy you've succeeded in doing it now. There was nothing for it but a bold move. Vasca had determined to force me into this fight and to leave no loophole for escape. Better surely to grip the situation firmly and trust to luck."

"Luck!" he exclaimed. "I know what Vasca can do. You don't."

"I very soon shall."

"I'd like to change places with you," O'Ryan said.

"A move of national conceit. My lance play may be as good as yours."

"Sure, that's not it at all. The one who fights dies fighting; the one who is left dies there. I'm the one who's left. That is what troubles me." And he waved his hand toward the square.

"It's a bad sign when a man barks as loudly as Vasca does," I said.

"That's a sound enough argument when civilization has reduced half the fighting power out of a man, but it's just meaningless here. In Drussenland a man daren't bark unless he can bite. I'd give a good deal to be back in Yadasara. The place is full of blackguards, to be sure, but they're blackguards you can understand none of these tournament businesses and nonsense of that kind."

There were three days of waiting before the tournament, three days in which I had to steel myself to leave calmly, as usual, three days during which I could hardly remain still for a moment.

The day dawned bright and sunny, but with a keenness in the air which perhaps my nervous excitement exaggerated. I woke early and never surely, have hours been so leaden winged as they were that morning.

"We will not be the first to arrive," said O'Ryan, curbing my impatience. "It would only be to show anxiety."

"Which, of course, we do not feel," I said, with a nervous laugh.

We waited in silence until it was time to go, and in silence we rode to the camp.

Plentiful as the accommodation in the lists had seemed to me, it was evidently not too much. Every seat, every point of vantage, had been taken. There were two entrances reserved for the knights who were to take part in

(Continued on page 6.)

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Pa's Son-in-Law

SON-IN-LAW — JUST A
MISUNDERSTANDING
BY JOVE, I-I SIMPLY CAWN'T UNDAYSTAND IT! I-I HEARD MYSELF CALL MOTHAW SILLY, FAT, OLD FOOL, BUT- BUT I KNOW I DIDN'T DO IT!
I'LL SAY THAT VENTRILOQUIST SURE DID A GOOD JOB!
I-I SAY, MOTHAW, I'M FEARFULLY SORRY ABOUT THIS BALLY AFFAIR, BUT—
I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD BE! C-CALLING ME ALL THOSE NAMES!
BUT- BUT, REALLY, MOTHAW, I DIDN'T CALL YOU ANY-THING! REALLY! I—
WHAT?
WELLINGTON
CALLING ME A SILLY, FAT, OLD FOOL WAS NOTHING NEW, WAS IT? I'LL TEACH YOU, YOU NINCOMPOOP!
Cliff Wellington

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Then comes the Thor Washing Machine which for simplicity of operation and a minumum of upkeep the Thor has no equal
Beach and National Ranges have exclusive features which can't be beaten.
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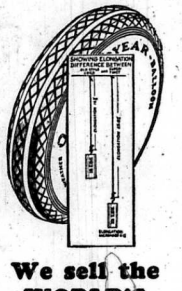
Notice.
All accounts payable to Dr. Leslie Lewis will be received at Paul's Bookstore, until further notice. Dr. Lewis expects to secure temporary premises in a few days, and will advise his many friends and clients of his new location as soon as possible. 22-a



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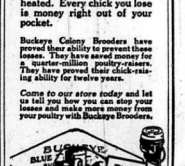

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9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "A Lesson From the Potter's House."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7.00—Evening worship. Sermon, "A New Kind of Charity."
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.
Visitors cordially invited to all services.

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WILSON'S HARDWARE.

"Back to the Farm."
A comedy drama will be given in North Fredericksburgh Hall, on Friday, May 4th, by Dorland Dramatic Club. Admission: adults, 35c.; children 15th. Hayburn orchestra. Dance after the play. 23-ap

Bell—Grass.
On Wednesday last St. Paul's Church, Kingston, was the scene of an interesting spring wedding when Georgina, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Bell, of Belleville, was united in marriage to Russell, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Grass, Napanee. Extreme simplicity marked every detail of the ceremony, which was performed by Ven. Archdeacon Coleman, a family friend of both the bride and groom. The bride was becomingly attired in a pastel blue georgette frock with a chic hat of the same shade and carried a corsage bouquet of butterfly and pruneiformes. The bride's only attendant was her sister, Miss Mabel Bell, who wore a pretty gown of pale pink georgette made in bouffant style with a contrasting hat. Her bouquet was of pink and white carnations. Mr. Cecil Grass did honors for the groom. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 22 St. Charles street, Belleville, when about twenty-five immediate relatives and friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Grass will reside in Napanee. The popularity of the bride was evidenced by the numerous costly gifts and the many pre-nuptial presentations given in her home.

A Fine Evening.
The Officers of the Frontenac Regiment were the guests of the Officers of "B" Company of that Regiment at their annual meeting, which was held in the Napanee Armouries on Friday evening last. The commodious and comfortable clubrooms of the Frontenac Club were gaily decorated for the occasion, and there was practically a full turnout of the officers of the unit. Many topics of interest were discussed, including the establishment of an Officers' Mess for he annual camp, which will be held this year in Kingston, and the formation of a Regimental Band. After the meeting the guests were served with an excellent banquet by the N.C.O.'s of "B" Company. The courses were varied by some inspiring and interesting addresses by the senior officers present, as well as by several musical numbers by Everett Stephens' Blue Jacket Orchestra. The Frontenac Regiment is one of the most active of the Canadian Militia Units, and plans were made for extending their influence and activities still farther. "B" Company is to be congratulated on the splendid evening's entertainment offered. Among those present were noticed Lt.-Col. Partridge, the ex-O.C., Lt.-Col. Hanna, the new Commanding Officer, Major Murray, Major Harris, Major Babcock, Captain Vanalstine, Captain Armstrong, Captain Jones and Lieutenants Warren, West, Watts, McGill, McGillivray, Mills, Murray, Paul and Napolis.

BAY CIRCUIT
Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor
Anderson Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.
Sand Hill Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Gretna Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH
Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.
Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:
8 a.m.—Corporate Communion for the W. A.
10.30 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.
ST. JOHN'S, SELBY.
9 a.m.—Holy Communion and Sermon.

Friday Night, 8 O'Clock.
The Rocky Mountains Naturalist, Dan McCowan, at Wonderland Theatre, under the auspices of the W.M.S. of Grace Church. Tickets at Hooper's Drug Store.

"Nothing But the Truth."
A comedy in 3 acts, in Trinity Church school room, on Wednesday evening, May 2nd, at 8 p.m. Presented by the young people of Halloway church, Belleville, the same cast who played in "Peg O My Heart," last year. Adults, 35c.; children 25c. 23-a

Anniversary Services.
The one hundred and ninth anniversary of the founding of Oddfellowship in America was fittingly observed Sunday morning, when the officers and members of Napanee Lodge No. 86, Argyll Lodge No. 212, Mount Ararat Encampment No. 16, and Queen of Sheba Rebekah Lodge No. 254 attended divine service in Trinity United Church. The members of Queen of Sheba Lodge gathered at the Sunday School room and led the brethren into the church. Owing to the threatening weather the attendance was not as large as usual. The music, under the direction of Mrs. Ernest Madden was of a special character, two well rendered anthems being sung by the choir, the solos being exceptionally well taken by Mrs. Frank Mills and Mrs. Florence Smith. Rev. Harry Pawson delivered a very thoughtful and practical sermon, his subject being "The Thin Chalk Line."

The Neighbors Take a Hand.
A community spirit which speaks well for those taking part, prevailed in South Napanee, on Wednesday evening last, when the neighbore of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barrett gathered at their home to give Bill and his bride a right royal welcome into the neighborhood. Although taken completely by surprise their welcome was none the less warm and whole-hearted. An address was made by Rev. Mr. Merriam and a presentation by Mrs. Robt. Smith on behalf of the neighbors, of a beautiful piece of silverware, to which both bride and groom responded very suitably, expressing their appreciation. Then the fun started, with Mrs. Bert Elliott as leader of games of all sorts. About eleven o'clock a dainty lunch was served, prepared by the ladies present. With Mrs. B. Seymour at the piano, Messrs. F. W. Barrett and B. Seymour entertained those present with several musical selections. Mr. F. Barrett then spoke most kindly to those present, thanking them for their thoughtfulness in presenting to them the good will of the neighbors. All joined hands and sang Auld Lang Syne, and departed, expressing themselves freely on the good time they had, and expressin ga wish for more of just such chances for the get-together spirit to be shown.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH
Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

Notice.
All dogs running at large in the County of Lennox and Addington will be destroyed and the owner or harbourer of said dog fined for permitting same.
F. W. BARRETT,
High County Constable.

You and Your Children
Cannot afford to miss hearing Dan McCowan's lecture on Friday evening at Wonderland theatre and seeing his interesting life pictures, taken at close view of the wild animals that inhabit the Rocky Mountains. Also the floral and mountain scenery. Tickets at Hooper's Drug Store.

Collegiate Dance.
The dance held at the assembly hall of the Collegiate Institute on Friday night was largely attended by the pupils and expupils and a very enjoyable evening was participated in by every one. The music by the Blue Jackets' Orchestra was excellent and at intermission a dainty lunch was served. The dancing started at eight o'clock and terminated at twelve o'clock.

Historical Society Lecture.
The Russian Revolution for the past ten years has been a very live question. Some new phase of it is cropping up every day, yet very few of us have an intelligent grasp of the situation. That is why the Historical Society has engaged Professor McArthur to lecture upon this very important subject on Friday evening. All are welcome. No admission fee is charged.

Rev. R. J. Merriam Receives Call.
Rev. R. J. Merriam, who is the present minister on the Bay Circuit, has received and accepted a call to Myrtle and Manchester circuit, at a salary of $1850, to be paid in equal monthly instalments. He is also given one month's vacation, with the circuit providing for the supply. Rev. Merriam has spent the past seven years as minister of the Enterprise and Bay Circuits, and during that time has made many friends, who will wish him much success in the new sphere chosen for his labors.

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Muresco for your walls and ceilings, also Alabastine, a satisfactory cold water finish.
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DR. LESLIE LEWIS (Optometrist) wishes to announce to his many friends and clients the opening of his new offices
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The same courteous and scientific eye-examinations and first quality glasses will prevail.
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Next to Paisley House.

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We have a full line of all kinds of FIELD SEEDS at remarkably Low Prices, considering quality.
Alfalfa Clover.....$16.00 to $24.00 per bus.
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Pure Seed Barley for malting; and Seed Oats.
Also feed Oats, Oil Cake, Flour, Sulphur, and Salts.
Frost Wire Fencing and Gates at reduced prices.
See me for Chrysler Cars, and save money.
All telephone accounts past due must be paid at once.
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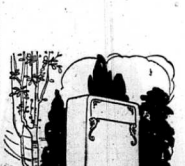
Opposite Campbell House NAPANEE

Cemetery Memorials



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High Speed Sables.

The new "regenerating" system of transmitting cables from London to South Africa, under the auspices of the Eastern Telegraph Company, is the fastest in the world.

In spite of the fact that the distance is 8,500 miles, a message can be sent and a reply received in one minute. Mistakes in the messages sent are impossible, and absolute secrecy is ensured.

The Eastern Telegraph Company has laid nearly than 22,000 miles of cable since the conclusion of the war, and altogether owns and work 136,000 miles.

Banana Cultivation Expands.

Rapid growth of the banana industry in Queensland, Australia, is reported by W. Ranger of the fruit marketing committee, 13,000 acres being already in bearing, while another 5,500 acres are expected to come into bearing in two months, and 7,200 more are being prepared for planting.

The pineapple industry in the state is also flourishing through the increased consumption of Queensland jams, while the popularity of orange drinks has similarly stimulated the orange raising industry.

Canadian Machinery In Chile.

Canadian-made agricultural machinery is now cultivating thousands of acres of Chilian soil, according to the consul for the Republic of Chile. Large orders for agricultural machinery are being placed by firms in Chile following the renewed efforts of the Government to open up new tracts of unoccupied land.

Yarker—Colebrook W. M. S.

The April meeting of the Yarker—Colebrook W.M.S. was held at the home of Mrs. R. Freeman, Yarker, with Mrs. E. Purcell in charge. This being the Easter meeting, the program for the Easter service was given, also readings by Miss Florence Purcell and Mrs. W. Shangraw and a piano duet by Mrs. R. Freeman and Mrs. G. Hawley. All of these were very much appreciated. After the meeting was brought to a close, dainty refreshments were served and the social half hour was spent. The next place of meeting will be at Mrs. E. Purcell's home, Colebrook.

Three Federal Officers for This District.

Ottawa, April 26.—A thorough survey of the entire territory between Kingston and Napanee in an effort to eliminate the outbreak of rabies reported from the Eastern Ontario area has been ordered by the Federal Department of Agriculture. Three officers of the department have been ordered to the scene. Twenty-four cases of rabies have been reported from the district, and the situation is regarded as serious. Local quarantine restrictions are already in force, and the inspection which is proceeding has already resulted in half a dozen dogs being shot.

Representatives Elected.

At the last regular meeting of Argyll Lodge No. 212, I.O.O.F., the following brethren were selected to attend the district meeting in Yarker on May 9th: Messrs. A. Pybus, A. G. Ford, G. A. Root, H. S. Roe, and J. A. Birrell. The first three were elected to attend Grand Lodge in Toronto in June. The representatives from Queen of Sheba Lodge, who will attend the Rebekah Assembly, which will meet in Toronto in June, are Mrs. H. E. Thompson and Mrs. R. S. Wales. The representatives from Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F., chosen to attend Grand Lodge are Messrs. U. M. Wilson and F. Bell and they were also selected to attend District Lodge, together with Mr. F. J. Vanalstyne.

Vestry Meeting.

The annual vestry meeting of St. Mary Magdalene Church was held on Tuesday evening, April 24th. The auditors report was given and the financial reports of the various church organizations were read by officers of the various branches, showing a flourishing condition in the church's activities. Officers were elected as follows:

Vicar's Warden—Mr. Geo. Tustin.

People's Warden—Mr. W. A. Grange.

Advisory Board—Messrs. H. Daly, J. G. Fennell, T. B. Wallbridge, W. H. Daly, J. Doller, W. S Herrington and J. Wilson.

Sidesmen of the preceding year were re-elected.

Auditors—Messrs. C. Waite and J. G. Fennell.

Vestry Clerk—Mr .E. J. Walters.

Mr. T. B. Wallace was elected lay delegate to the Synod for the next three years, at the conclusion of the meeting light refreshments were served.

THERE is nothing that has ever taken Aspirin's place as an antidote for pain. It is safe, or physicians wouldn't use it, and endorse its use by others. Sure, or several million users would have turned to something else. But get the real Aspirin (at any druggtore) with Bayer on the box, and the word genuine printed in red:
Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture. While it is admitted that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to protect the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trade mark.
Tablets Aspirin Bayer Genuine

Hurt In an Accident.

On Saturday night, while Mrs. M. B. Judson and Mr. Mr. Judson were going to Kingston in Mr. Judson's coupe, they had the misfortune to have a collision with a truck, with the result that the coupe was ditched and badly wrecked. Mrs. Judson received a scalp wound requiring stitches, and was also badly bruised in various parts of her body. Mr. Wm. Judson received some cuts and bruises but was not seriously hurt. Mrs. Judson is at the home of Mrs. Dr. Nash, Kingston, confined to bed, with a nurse in attendance. In meeting the truck, the driver was in the middle of the highway and just as Mr. Judson met it, the truck swerved toward the wrong side of the road, striking the Judson coupe and turning it over into the ditch.

Man Loses Memory.

A man who apparently has been the victim of an assault was found wandering about the streets here on Monday afternoon by Ensign Howe, of the Salvation Army, and was taken in charge by Chief of Police Barrett. The young man cannot remember what his name is or where his home is located. He told the chief of police that the last he remembered was that he was driving toward St. John, N.B., in an automobile and stopped and picked up a couple of men on the road to give them a lift. All the time that has intervened since then and the present is a blank to him. He is a young man, about 6 feet, 1 inch in height and twenty-eight years old. He has brown hair and blue eyes. When found he was dressed in a suit of old blue overalls and a smock. There was no money on his person or anything by which he could be identified. The police searched his body for scars or bruises but did not find any indication that he had recently been assaulted. Chief Barrett has wired to St. John and hopes to get information there that will satisfactorily clear up the mystery. On Tuesday morning, the man gave his name as Allan Mc. Manus.

CAMDEN EAST.

On April 25th the Camden East Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Allore. There were twenty-one ladies present—Mrs. Huffman and Mrs. Shibley, district officers, and nineteen ladies of the community—who showed their interest in W. I. work by becoming members for another year.

After the usual opening of the meeting—hymn, prayer, and minutes—the treasurer gave her report on the work of the past year. The financial statement of which showed a balance of cash on hand to the amount of $120.33.

Hearty votes of thanks were extended to secretary and other officers. Mr. Frost, who so kindly audited the books; the players, who by their play, "Beacon Dubbs," greatly increased our funds; and to all who in any way helped the Institute.

Then followed roll call, which was answered by each paying her membership fee for the new year. Thus a group of nineteen members were ready to proceed with the election of officers. This election resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. A. Salisbury.
1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. A. Robinson.
2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. M. Love.
Secy-Treas.—Mrs. T. Allore.
Assistant Sec'y and Press Reporter—Mrs. G. Smedley.
Directors—Mrs. E. Hamilton, Mrs. Dutton, Mrs. A. Robinson, Mrs. B. Amey, Mrs. H. Huff.
Pianist—Mrs H Hobinson.
Flower Committee—Mrs. C. Boulton (more to be added later).
District Representative—Mrs. G. Black.
District Annual Representatives—Mrs. Salsbury, Mrs. Black, Mrs. B. Amey, Mrs. J. Yeomans.

Mrs. Shibley gave an excellent paper on "Health and Service."

After the meeting was closed by singing the National Anthem, a dainty lunch was served by the hostess and four other members.

The next meeting is to be held on the evening of May 4th, at the home of Mrs. G. Smedley. Roll call for the meeting is to be answered by "Suggestions for the Year's Program."

Sixty-one persons met death suddenly or violently in Toronto in April, compared with eighty-six in March, a record month in this respect. Five were victims of motor car accidents.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

START THE DAY RIGHT.

Digestive disturbances, the so-called attacks of indigestion, upset stomach or billiousness, come second in the list of causes of sickness. They can, to a very large extent, be prevented, and they would not occur as frequently if more attention were given to the proper use of food.

Meals should be regular, but not with a regularity that makes for monotony. The changed dinner hour on Sunday or on a holiday often gives extra zest to the meal. Generally speaking, meals should be taken at regular hours.

Any meal taken with one eye on the clock is almost better left uneaten. Food should be properly masticated, and one should be in a quiet, restful attitude of mind. To secure these aids to proper digestion, it is well worth the effort to rise a few minutes earlier each morning, and start the day right with a properly eaten breakfast.

Included in every breakfast menu should be fruit—fresh, such as oranges, or dried fruits stewed, like prunes; milk, either on a cereal or in cocoa or tea; and a cereal. Whether or not one requires eggs or bacon depends upon the type of work done, and also upon whether or not the noon meal is a light one. In every case, the food should be properly masticated, and not gobbled or washed down with a drink.

Children who are sent to school without a proper breakfast are not receiving a fair chance. We not only feel better, but we are really more capable of physical and mental work if we start the day with a good wash and a comfortably eaten, suitable breakfast.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered by letter. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

SELBY.

Rev. Mr. Batstone preached the funeral sermon of the late Mrs. Wilkes on Monday last.

We are glad to saw Miss L. Hudgins was able to return home on Wednesday from the General Hospital, Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Anderson attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Wilkes on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Gonu and family and Mr. and Mrs. G. Clark and children, of Bell Rock, were recent visitors at F. L. Amey's.

Mrs. S. Lewis and children intend moving to the village soon.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Richmond were recent visitors with Mr. L. Fox, Grieve's Corners.

J. Thye, of Tornto, is visiting at F. Edgar's.

AFTER POWER DEVELOPMENT.

Canada's Power Position Is Outstanding In the World.

The developed water power produced in the world has increased by about 43 per cent. in the six years between the 1920 and the end of 1926, the three-quarters of this increase took place in Canada and the United States, says the Financial Post. Both countries are outstanding as compared with all others in the rate at which new hydro-electric plants are being constructed.

It is difficult, in fact impossible, to co-ordinate the estimates of the potential water power of all the countries in the world because of the difference in the way in which figures have been computed. For instance, Canada has water powers with a rated capacity of some 18,250,000 horsepower. Yet it is admitted everywhere that the actual generator equipment could probably be made to total three this figure due to the possibilities of water storage at off-peak periods and due to other increase in the power available through the erection of further storage reservoirs and other means taken to increase the flow of the rivers. Yet a comparison of sorts is available from figures computed in various countries.

The following figures show the developed and potential water power developments in some of the chief countries of the world. The recapitulation reveals the fact Canada is the second largest producer of water power in the world and that Canada and the United States develop close to 50 per cent. of the total developed hydro electric energy of the world:

	Developed	Potential
Canada	4,556,000	18,250,000
United States	11,721,000	25,000,000
Mexico	200,000	6,000,000
Newfoundland	150,000	500,000
Brazil	500,000	25,000,000
Chile	114,000	250,000
Argentine	25,000	5,000,000
Sweden	1,350,000	3,000,000
Norway	1,930,000	9,500,000
Finland	220,000	1,800,000
Canada	220,000	2,000,000
Siberia	90,800	8,000,000
Czechoslovakia	124,000	1,000,000
Jugoslavia	150,000	3,000,000
Austria	425,000	1,600,000
Italy	2,300,000	3,800,000
Switzerland	1,450,000	2,000,000
Germany	1,100,000	2,000,000
France	2,000,000	6,400,000
United Kingdom	250,000	450,000
Spain	1,000,000	4,000,000
India	200,000	27,000,000
China	3,650	20,000,000
Japan	1,750,000	4,500,000
Belgian Congo	250	90,000,000
Australia	2,000	2,000,000
New Zealand	60,000	2,250,000
Recapitulation.		
North America	16,850,000	66,000,000
South America	750,000	54,000,000
Europe	13,100,000	45,000,000
Asia	2,250,000	67,000,000
Africa	14,000	190,000,000
Oceanica	240,000	11,000,000
	33,000,000	454,000,000

Money Wagered.

Canadian sports wagered $47,915,828 on the various race tracks in Canada during the racing year of 1927, according to Department of Agriculture statistics.

Perfumes All Different.

The perfumes of fruit, flowers and leaves of the orange tree are all different.

Cigarette Smoking.

There are 200,000,000 cigarettes sold in Britain every day.

No Roads too Rough
No Hills too Steep

The strong, resilient McLaughlin-Buick cantilever rear-springs . . . the semi-elliptic front-springs . . . and four Lovejoy hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . produce a riding ease that smoothes out the roughest road as effectively as the powerful McLaughlin-Buick engine makes easy mastery of the steepest hills.

APPEARANCE may make friends for a car, but it takes performance to hold them. McLaughlin-Buick outsells because it out-performs.

The G. M. A. C. Deferred Payment Plan offers many advantages to buyers of McLaughlin-Buick cars.

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK 1928

ROBT. McFARLAND,
Dealer, Napanee, Ont.

B-12-4-28C

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT — McLAUGHLIN-BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

TELEVISION IS HERE!

WIRELESS SIGHT BRIDGES THE OCEAN.

Newest Wonder of the World Is Making Giant Strides — Young Scot Inventor's Experiments Go On—Girdling the World With Sight.

The rapidity with which the new science of television is advancing is amazing—even in these days of rapid progress in many scientific fields—and this has been clearly brought home to the man in the street recently, when the British inventor gave the first public demonstration of television across the Atlantic. The image of several living faces were sent from a laboratory in London by means of a short-wave wireless transmitter, and received on the "Televisor" in the office of Hardidale, near New York, writes R. F. Tiltman, A.M.I R.E., A.Rad.A., in Answers.

Television across the Atlantic is an accomplished fact. Yet only three years ago the very idea of seeing by wireless at all was a fantastic dream to most people. Then, John Logie Baird, a young Scottish inventor, to make the dream an accomplished scientific fact.

It was early in 1926 that television was first achieved by Mr. Baird between two rooms in London, and, although the scientists recognized the true importance of this advance, the public did not appear to grasp its vast possibilities.

Later in 1926 wo saw television demonstrated over distances up to ten miles with better results as technical improvements of the apparatus were effected. One of the outstanding features of 1927 was a public demonstration which Mr Baird gave between London and Glasgow, a distance of over 400 miles.

Another triumph of 1927 was the development, by the same inventor, of "Noctovision," which, by using rays invisible to the human eye, makes it possible to see by television in total dakness or through fog.

Mr. Baird arranged a test of this "Noctovision" for my benefit in September last, and I sat in a darkened room near Leicester Square with only one of his technical assistants, and saw the features of Lt.-Col. J. R. Yelf, who was seated in total darkness before the transmitter in Leeds, over 170 miles away.

This rapid progress in fast bringing the day nearer when the television set will enter our homes and become as familiar a feature as the loud-speaker is to-day. Then we shall sit in our armchairs and witness on our television screens events and happenings at a distance at the actual time they take place. This is bound to come, and before long.

As is the case with many other sciences, the eventual development of television will be assisted by the co-operation of enthusiastic amateurs, and for this reason receiving sets for them will be marketed without undue delay.

Just recently the Television Society was formed to provide a common meeting-ground for the purpose of opening up and studying the many problems associated with television and allied subjects.

Listeners, who tune in Mr. Baird's regular experimental transmissions on a wave-length of 200 metres after broadcasting hours, receive the signals as peculiar rasping or humming sounds on their earphones or loud-speakers.

Every object has its characteristic note, and outstanding objects can be recognized by their sounds. A hand gives a harsh, rattling sound, while a face before the transmitter causes a softer note without any rattling. Every movement of the face causes a slight change in its note, so you can hear a person nodding his head or opening his mouth.

Actually, what goes through the ether when television is being broadcast is simply a fluctuating electrical impulse, which is tuned in in the same way as the telephony impulses on a wireless receiving set, and received as a sound. By connecting the receiving "Televisor" to the radio set and passing on this sound, it is turned back into light and reconstructs the image on the screen.

Although it is now no uncommon thing to listen to voices over great distances, the very idea of seeing a person at a distance of, say, 500 miles seems very strange, except, of course, to those who have particularly interested themselves in television. But really the idea is no more strange than the other, though I suppose the telephone has been reduced to a commonplace by usage whereas wireless sight is still distinctly novel.

We should certainly be proud of this invention of television and the splendid progress which it has made in the past two years. In this sphere, at least, Britain leads the world. London was the scene of the first demonstration of television; the first long-distance demonstration was from London to Glasgow.

TESTS THAT TELL.

Science Cuts Short the Time Spent In Endurance Tests.

For a year past two oak chests have been fastened to the end of Southend pier in England, more than a mile out at sea, says Answers.

They contained two different kinds of hemp—sisal, which is an Empire product, and manila, which comes from United States territory. The chests were perforated to let in the sea water at high tide, the object being to test the strength and durability of the hemps when exposed to seawater.

As a result, the experts have been convinced that sisal rope is as good as, perhaps better than, manila rope. The success of the test is expected to mean £2,000,000 a year to the Empire in increased orders for sisal hemp.

Another interesting experiment is now in progress to determine how far weather and atmospheric conditions can be used in building materials, and whether preservatives can arrest the process.

A number of columns, comprising six different kinds of stone, have been erected on the roof of a Government building in London. Several of them have weathered tops, and one column of each kind of stone is treated with preservatives. The columns are examined periodically by experts who hope that in this way they will learn more rapidly what are the real causes of decay and how it can be prevented.

In commerce it is the practical test that tells. The business man doesn't judge by appearances—he wants results; and the best way to convince him of the value of a product is by demonstration.

When stainless steel first began to come on the market the trade was sceptical. One of the big men who were pushing the new product prepared an answer for the doubters. He kept a glass of water, to which lemon juice had been added, on his desk, with a stainless steel and an ordinary knife standing in it. Whenever he had a visitor he called his attention to the two knives, drew them out of the water, wiped them, and let the condition of the blades point the moral.

For some tests of new inventions courage as well as faith is required. Thus one man, who had invented a bullet-proof garment, dressed himself in it and allowed revolver shots to be fired at him at close range, to show that his device was all that he had claimed.

It isn't only new inventions that are subjected to searching tests. In certain industries every article that is produced is tested by experts before it is allowed to leave the works.

DOPE FOR LOGS.

Treatment of Wood May Lead to Complete Arrest of Decay.

The practice of giving logs a "preservative injection" to preserve them, invented in Germany not long ago, has spread to Britain, and a new tool has been invented to do the work.

The new scientific method is being used to inject into telegraph poles a substance which is said to keep fungi at bay. Many years are said to be added to the pole's life.

This treatment of wood is a step that may lead eventually to complete arrest of decay. If that ideal is accomplished, buildings of wood can be erected that will be as imperishable as structures of stone, brick, or steel, while the cost will be much less. The effect will be that of transmuting wood into rock.

Ants on the Menu.

Certain varieties of ants are regarded as great delicacies by natives of the southern part of the Soudan and the northern part of the Belgian Congo.

Traps are set near the ant-hills, and after the dead insects have been collected in pails they are roasted or fried and eaten much as we eat whitebait, says an Old Country paper.

CHEVROLET
SPECIAL SALE OF USED CARS WITH THE O.K. THAT COUNTS

I'm giving you the highsign on something you should know. It's a come-right-out-and-buy sign
For the prices . . . see below.
—Okay Karr.

Values you Can't Afford to Miss

EVERY O. K. Used Car in stock has to go to make room for new cars coming in. Business has been so good and new Chevrolet cars so attractive, that we have taken in the finest selection of Used Cars in all our experience. Some of them are in such good shape that they would almost pass as new cars. All of them have been examined and reconditioned. All are genuine bargains . . . and all of them are HONESTLY REPRESENTED, on the O. K. Used Car tag. You can't afford to overlook these arresting values.
OK-928C

1926 Chevrolet Coupe.....$500
1927 Ford Coach, wire wheels $525
1926 Chevrolet Touring....$450
Ford Ton Truck.....$250

USED CARS with an OK that counts
USED CARS OK

C. A. Wiseman
Napanee, Ont.

Every Town Wants Industries

Every industry, be it large or small, adds to the progress and prosperity of any community. Every such industry brings new capital to a town, and distributes this among the business men generally in the way of wages and salaries. Everybody benefits.

Among local industries there is none of greater importance in any community than that of the local home newspaper. Not only does it provide employment for a certain number of workmen, but it offers a service to the community which could be obtained in no other way.

In their own best interests, therefore, business men should use their local paper for purposes of advertising, and also for the procuring of their requirements in PRINTING. All business men need printed matter of various kinds from time to time. Remember your local printing office when in need of printed matter.

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

The Knight of The Silver Star

(Continued from page 3.)

the day's proceedings, facing each other and shut off from the arena by a barrier which was only opened to let a knight pass in to combat.

On one side of the lists was a gallery, in which were the marshal and his heralds, and opposite a similar gallery, where Princess Daria sat with her retinue. My eyes were riveted on this gallery, but I could not tell whether she had noticed me or whether she looked anxious or indifferent.

"Your time approaches, Verrall," said O'Ryan, looking to the harness of my horse.

The trumpets sounded, and a roar of welcome came from a thousand throats. Other combats had excited, but my entrance heralded the performance which had brought this crowd together. As I rode past the gallery the marshal and his attendants rose to give me courteous welcome. So had they risen to each knight as he entered the lists, but there was keener criticism in their eyes as they rose to me. Some friends I had among them, some enemies. I could probably have divided friends from foes by the expression on their faces. I kept my horse well in hand. I had no desire to show off gallantly. The business before me was too serious and might all too soon give the lie to my warlike appearance. Slowly I walked the horse round the lists until I was opposite the gallery in which Princess Daria sat.

The princess rose, and I saluted her gravely, wondering if at that moment the same thought ran through both our brains—the thought of the handkerchief which she had given and which even then was lying close to my heart. Then I rode back and stood beneath the marshal's gallery.

"Heralds, sound the challenge of the Knight of the Silver Star—once!" he cried.

The trumpets' music filled the air, and before the echoes had died among the hills the barrier at the opposite side of the lists to which I had entered was thrown open, and Count Vasca rode into the arena.

"I accept the challenge," he cried, and then, approaching me, he said in a lower voice: "No love creeps into our combat, Sir Verrall. You have willed that it shall be for honor."

"For honor, Count Vasca, and for love, too, if you will," I answered defiantly.

"So soon a different tale! Danger gives increasing beauty to a fair face likely to be lost."

"It is rather to challenge you to your best. You harp on love so constantly perchance honor is not enough to strengthen your arm against me."

A hiss of rage was his only answer.

"To achievement, knights!" cried the herald. "Sound trumpets!"

As the blast rang out I turned my horse, and the next moment the count and I were rushing madly at each other. In that instant my mind was a blank. Action had driven out even the thought of fear. We met. His lance shivered against my shield, a blow which shook me, but did not make me reel in the saddle. Either my aim was untrue or he avoided the blow, for my lance only glanced along his armor, and I continued my rush towards the opposite side of the lists. Perhaps there was some surprise that I was still in the saddle, a satisfaction that the combat was not to be a one sided affair, that if not all I claimed to be I was at least no craven puppet knight. At any rate, a cheer rang out, and I felt encouraged.

Turning, I saw that the count had been supplied with another lance and was ready to charge again. There was a moment's pause; then the trumpets sounded, and once more we rushed upon each other. The spirit of battle was upon me. I had more confidence, and I dug the spurs into my horse, leaning forward to the charge.

I hardly knew what had happened, brought as I was to a sudden standstill by a blow that seemed to strike me full in the body. I reeled backward, but my horse, being thrown upon his haunches, saved me, and with a mighty effort I succeeded in keeping my seat. As my horse stretched once more I regained my full consciousness, to find Vasca's horse also struggling to his feet, his rider still in the saddle, and to see that both our lances were broken short to the handle. My blow had been as fierce as his. Victory was with neither of us yet.

A great roar of applause arose around us as we passed to opposite sides of the lists.

Both of us had to be given a fresh lance, and probably the count, like myself, felt the need of recovering himself a little before again rushing to the onslaught. I had no knowledge of how much of this kind of thing he could stand without showing signs of weakness, but I was perfectly sure that another blow like the last would be quite enough for me.

Even now we seemed a long time reaching each other, and my eyes refused to see clearly enough. When we came, yet I felt that he, too, wished to end the combat; that he, too, was bent on making a desperate endeavor. Gathering all my strength together, I rushed to meet him, and even as I did so I remembered O'Ryan's advice. Perhaps even at that late moment I feared to receive such a blow as the last, but whatever the motive was that decided me I acted upon the advice. I slightly checked my pace, and as we met I swerved a little and leveled my lance at Vasca's helmet. The sudden action made me reel, and had the count's lance struck me then I should have been unhorsed. But fortune favored me. Vasca attempted to alter his course in a similar manner, but his horse, going faster than mine, stumbled forward. His lance missed me altogether, while mine only struck him lightly. It was not my blow that unseated him, but his stumbling charger. The count made a frantic effort to keep his horse from falling, but in vain, and he rolled heavily from his saddle to the ground.

HE ROLLED HEAVILY FROM HIS SADDLE.

About after about rent the air. Who could tell how the count had fallen? The fact remained that, while he rolled in the dust, I remained in the saddle. So they shouted as men will at victory, satisfied and jubilant.

"Sir Verrall! Sir Verrall! The Knight of the Silver Star!"

The count struggled to his feet.

"A stumbling steed is no knight's dishonor. Another horse!" he cried. "Up on foot, sir Verrall, as you will."

I sat still and mute. As through a mist I saw waving hands in the galleries; as through a thick fog I heard my name and Vasca.

The sharp note of a bugle aroused me somewhat. For an instant I fancied it the summons to another charge and turned my horse mechanically. But there was other business in hand. A blare of trumpets had summoned to the mimic battle, but this was one sharp, long drawn note, a note of alarm always in Druseniland. The shouting ceased; hands no longer waved. I think I saw the princess rise and leave her gallery suddenly; I know that there was a mass of movement on all sides of the lists. Knights and soldiers rushed across the turf, and I was borne along with them to the barrier.

"To arms! To arms!" was now the cry on every side.

"Bravely done, Sir Verrall!" And I saw O'Ryan press toward me through the crowd.

"What is it?" I said almost in a whisper.

"Faith, it's what suits us best—real fighting. The enemy are in force before the town."

"I—I"— And then I should have slipped from my saddle had not O'Ryan literally lifted me to the ground.

The excitement at the news of coming conflict was so great that fortunately little notice was taken of me, and O'Ryan managed to get me away quietly. He plied me with more wine.

"Do you want to rob me of what little sense I have?" I said.

"Anything to make you sleep for a few hours," O'Ryan answered. "You have a short time to rest before we go out against the enemy."

"Did any one notice that I fainted?"

"No; I took care of that. Not a soul knows but what you were still full of fight when the summons to more serious business came—more serious, that is, to some, but far less to us, Verrall."

"You laughed this morning when I spoke of luck."

"Luck! Don't say the word. Sure, it wasn't luck at all, but fine fighting."

The intense strain of the day was loosened, the danger was over; almost I believed that luck had been my friend to do with my success, and then—then dreams came light fancies, feathers borne on the bosom of a summer wind, whispering voices calling softly. "Daria," and then a sense of her with arms outstretched, a smile upon her lips, radiant as the smile of morning, and then, before I could hear her speak, before I could throw myself at her feet, deep sleep with no dream in it.

"Time, Verrall."

I started up.

"You ought to be rested," said O'Ryan. "I've been shaking you long enough, and, by St. Patrick, your snoring has been mighty."

It was early morning. The world at our feet was still in twilight, but the top of Khrym had caught the sun. I felt refreshed, but certainly not in condition for a hard day's fighting.

"It's to be real war this time, not games," said O'Ryan.

"The other was no game to me, and I would sooner wait a little while for the real fighting," I answered.

The camp was in considerable confusion as O'Ryan and I rode by.

"You're a much bigger man than you were yesterday," said O'Ryan.

Surrounded by her guards and by several knights, the princess was in earnest conversation with Count Vasca as I went to salute her. Naturally her mind was full of anxious thought, and I should not have noticed her casual acknowledgment of the salute had not saluted her just before me. To him she smiled graciously; to me she gave a bare acknowledgment.

"Your prowess yesterday argues ill for many a brave knight yonder in Vadasara," Count Vasca said.

"You are gracious to say so, count," I answered.

"Truly I speak only as I have cause to know. I can prove honesty a friend, although I fear you do not so consider me."

"I have a habit of being honest too."

"Which means that you do not believe me?"

"I have judged by actions," I said.

"I ask no more than that you continue to do so," he replied.

He held out his hand, and I took it. I could do no less, and his frankness almost deceived me.

"There is work before us," he went on. "You will march your men toward Vadasara. Tonight, maybe, we will pledge our friendship in a cup of wine. Perhaps tomorrow we shall ride side by side in pleasant rivalry against our common enemies."

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

CHAPTER VIII.

A FEW moments later I passed from the camp with my troop. Again I saluted the princess and again received scant recognition, or I thought so.

What new plot was Vasca hatching this morning?" asked O'Ryan when we were alone that night.

"Becoming my friend," I answered.

"A fiendish plot indeed. I would sooner have him as an enemy."

"We must wait and see, O'Ryan."

"Yes, and ride as far apart from him as possible when we charge the enemy. It is so easy to make a mistake when you ride on a friend beside your bitterest foe," he went on. "We have changed sham fighting for the real thing, but"—

"But still you are not satisfied." I laughed.

"No. We haven't left any of our dangers behind us. We've brought them all with us, excepting one."

"And that one?"

"The princess."

"How could you expect we were going to leave our dangers behind?"

"I didn't expect that you were going to become such an important piece in the game, Verrall," he answered promptly.

"A kind of white elephant to you, eh?"

"Well, I confess to a partiality for less exalted personages to deal with in games of this kind. The greater you are the more numerous are your enemies."

"And my friends."

"Sometimes, Verrall, only sometimes. The friends who can be truly happy at a companion's pre-eminence are few, even in the civilized world. In a country like this, devil of a rule is there to go by."

"I do not quite see how the princess is a danger," I said.

It gave me considerable pleasure to bring the conversation back to her.

"For the reason that she is a woman," he answered, "and, if you want an additional reason, because she is a princess. At present I believe she is your friend, but tomorrow—who knows? Why, even Bridget"—

"Bridget! Who is she?"

"My wife in Vadasara. I told you about her."

"You never said her name was Bridget."

"Well, it isn't," O'Ryan answered. "It's Xenia or some heathen name of that sort, but you couldn't expect me to go about calling her that, so I christened her Bridget, which smacks of the old country."

"And she did not object?"

"Object, is it! When I left Vadasara there wasn't a created man Bridget thought so much of as she did of me, but St. Patrick alone knows what she'll think of me now. You can't rely on women. Faith, it's possible she won't believe my story when I get back."

"Even a man might be forgiven for expressing some doubt, O'Ryan."

"Of course, but you can knock the truth into a man, or try to. There's a prejudice against attempting to knock anything into a woman. It's a silly prejudice when you come to think of it."

"Have you noticed any change in the princess' manner to me?" I asked.

"I have been too busy watching others. One of us has got to do the watching, you know."

"And I don't, you would say"

"No offense, Verrall. We must stick together, and a man in love is seldom the man to act most cautiously. I quite sympathize, but for both our sakes I wish you did not think so much of Princess Daria."

It had never occurred to me to doubt Count Vasca's ability as a leader. I had become used to hearing him spoken highly of, but during the next few days it did seem to my unpracticed mind that he lost good opportunities. He knew the country and the enemy; I knew neither, and I therefore concluded that he knew best.

We advanced slowly until we were under the walls of Vadasara, and yet it seemed to me that we had accomplished nothing.

"Are we going to attempt to take it by assault?" asked O'Ryan.

I shook my head. Although with other knights I was constantly in council with Count Vasca, I had no idea what his intention was. He looked sagacious, talked valiantly, but did nothing. Still, it was absurd to think that he was afraid, as O'Ryan suggested.

"You can never tell," O'Ryan said when I laughed at the idea. "Such a stronghold might frighten the bravest men."

Between our encampment and the city ran a broad river, full of strange and unexpected currents and of immense depth, so O'Ryan told me. The river lay obliquely to the river in the form of a rough triangle, the city gates, as I afterward found, being situated at the angles at the base of this triangle, and the city rose from this base gradually toward the huge rock which formed the apex of the triangle. This rock, which was the only part of the city which actually touched the river, rose sheer out of the water for at least 600 feet, with hardly a bird's foothold upon it. It was the dominant feature, towering above the highest part of the city, presenting a problem as to how access was obtained to the fortress crowning the summit. It was a problem I was destined to solve later. The fortress seemed to be cut out of the solid rock.

For several days we encamped idly before Vadasara. The enemy had recrossed the river by means of a bridge of boats nearly two miles higher up the stream, but we made no attempt to follow them. I was doubtful if they had ever crossed it in great force. As far as one could judge, there was no excitement in the city.

I spoke to Walen about it.

"If we are not to attack the city why are we here?" I asked.

"The enemy have retreated. Probably the count thinks that victory enough."

"I do not wonder that the war has been such a long one if it has been carried out in this way."

"No wonder you are impatient, my dear Verrall. So am I. But, then, Vasca commands. It is not without a certain pleasure that I see his comparative failure. Her highness may next time intrust her forces to abler hands."

I could not mistake his meaning. I could not afford to underplay my part.

"It shall be no lizzard's campaign, then, I promise you, Sir Walen," I answered.

That night, being sleepless, I stole out of camp to the river. Suddenly there was a sound near me. I stepped back quietly into the darker shadow of a tent and listened. There was no mistaking the sound now—stealthy feet—and the next moment two figures hurried past me toward the river and disappeared over the bank. I opened my mouth to give the alarm as I heard the first dip of an oar, but before I could cry out a third figure was at my side.

It was Count Vasca.

"Is it treachery?" he whispered.

I pointed to the river, where the dim outline of a boat was just discernible as it crept into the shadow of the great rock.

"I heard the sound of footsteps and followed," he said. "How came you here?"

"I could not sleep."

He was silent for a moment.

"Better let them think they have got away undiscovered. I will at once have a sentry placed here. You will not give the alarm tonight. Let's to bed, Sir Verrall. This means action at last."

"When?" I asked.

"Soon surely since they take to spying upon us. You grow impatient. I would that I could trust all as I trust you. There are white livered knights among us, Sir Verrall, or we had made more progress."

He left me at my tent and with a good night went on toward his own.

I told O'Ryan what had happened and repeated the count's words.

"There has always been a sentry by the river," he said thoughtfully. "Perhaps he knew who the fugitives were and had made arrangements for their passage."

"Aye, and was so anxious about them that he followed to make certain that they got away safely."

"Well, we'll close together, Verrall, fighting or not. Lie down and sleep. I'll watch. We'll not both sleep at the same time again."

In one respect at least Vasca had prophesied truly that night. Quite early in the morning it was evident that the day was not to be an idle one. Troops of men moved along the opposite bank of the river toward the bridge of boats, two miles up the stream, a bridge which had been constantly defended and which we had never attempted to force.

It appeared as if neither side wanted an engagement. They made no attempt to drive us off, yet had they attacked us in full force I doubt if we should have been able to successfully resist them.

Some thought of this kind was evidently in Vasca's mind when he saw the enemy in motion.

"They have made up their minds at last," he said to me who were with him. "We must prevent their crossing the river. We are rather the defending than the attacking party now."

We rode toward the bridge, a goodly company, the morning sunlight flashing back from polished helmet and armor. At intervals a jest gave birth to laughter or a deep oath was growled out from the hoarse throat of a warrior who thought no more of coming battle than he did of taking his dinner.

The enemy reached the bridge before us, and, although our archers poured black flights of swift arrows upon them, we could not prevent them crossing, and they dashed upon us on our side of the river.

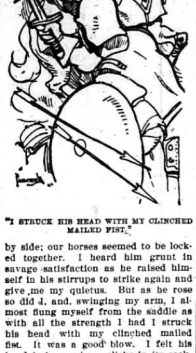
"Sir Light and remember that you wear armor," was O'Ryan's last piece of advice to me.

It was an equal fight, bravely waged. Many of my comrades I saw smitten from their saddles, even as many a foeman fell, some to rise and stagger to refuge or another horse, some to lie motionless while the victors trampled over them. Yet I still was safe, my sword swinging heavily to right and left, now stayed by a strong arm, now crashing downward, a foeman falling under its bite. Who fell beside me I did not know, but Walen and O'Ryan were close to me dealing out punishment to all within the sweep of their weapons. They were gallant fighters both. I was glad to be in their company.

My sword swung down again upon an enemy, and a cry of exultation burst from my lips as I felt his armor split beneath the stroke and for a moment saw the crimson stain the steel's brightness. The lust of battle was upon me.

"A sword!" I cried as I flung mine down and reached toward one held up to me. Although my horse swerved at that moment, I caught the new weapon, but not securely in my grip, and even as I heard a warning cry behind me a new foe attacked me fiercely. I had seen him afar off in the battle towering above his comrades, a veritable giant. His sword flashed the sunlight a good foot higher in the air than those about him and like a sickle into ripe wheat reaped a space around him. Now it flashed above me, and I was unprepared. Only a feeble grip had I of my own weapon, and scarce could I stay his first tremendous stroke. I could see that Walen was straining his utmost to reach me, seeing my difficulty doubtless, but he was hemmed in and pressed on either side. Much had he to do to keep his own saddle without helping me keep mine. I felt that the decisive moment of the fight had come. One side or the other must quickly yield, and I struggled mightily to get firm hold of my sword. It seemed to turn and slip in my nerveless hand. A second stroke from my enemy fell upon me, breaking down my guard, and yet I stayed its fury. It glanced from my armor, and I clutched at my sword desperately. The man was a giant, but his movements were quick. Perhaps he saw how I was placed and was savage that his victory had not been more easily accomplished. It saddened me to think that I could not meet him fairly. I cursed the weapon in my hand; it must have been loose at the hilt. I cursed the man who, failing had snapped my own. My teeth were clinched in impotent rage.

The fury of our combat, or I should say, rather, his, had cleared a space about us. My sword twisted in my grasp as he came upon me again. I could have flung it down in my mad fury and given up the fight. But he saved me from that folly. He struck, and my sword was wrenched from me altogether. For one moment I saw it flying through the air, and I thought that the end had come. We were side



"I STRUCK HIS HEAD WITH MY CLINCHED MAILED FIST."

by side; our horses seemed to be locked together. I heard him grunt in savage satisfaction as he raised himself in his stirrups to strike again and give me my quietus. But as he rose so did I, and, swinging my arm, I almost flung myself from the saddle as with all the strength I had I struck his head with my clinched mailed fist. It was a good blow. I felt his head jerk as a bone clicks in its socket, and, giant that he was, he reeled in his saddle, his sword falling lightly and harmlessly across me. At least we were on equal terms now. But, no; the blow had done its work, striking in his helmet it may be, for as the horse plunged the rider rolled to the ground and lay there.

"Well struck, Sir Verrall!"

Walen was beside me. A new sword was in my hand, this time held in a grip of iron, but there was little work for it to do. Almost before we realized the fact the enemy were making for the bridge.

"Are we never to cross the river?" I asked. "What use is a victory unless we follow it up?"

"I have given up trying to read that riddle," Walen answered. "Probably we shall return and be feted as though we had done great deeds."

"And we have done nothing. If her highness"—

"She, after all, is a woman, Sir Verrall," he said. "What should she know of war?"

"A woman, maybe," I answered rather hotly, "but at heart a warrior, I warrant you."

The next day the camp was struck, and we were returning, almost like retreating, as O'Ryan put it.

"It's hard after such a fight that we should gain nothing by it," he said, "although, for my own part, it pleases me well enough."

"You are more easily satisfied than I am."

"Doesn't it occur to you that I have been fighting against my former friends and comrades?"

"Well, what of it? You are in the service of the princess now, with sure promotion before you. What more would you have?"

"A little better knowledge of the future, Sir Verrall. There is too much jealousy surrounding the princess. We had not been going back now were it not so. I say again we might be in retreat were it not for those poor devils of prisoners. They bespeak us conquerors, but where is the honor in a few prisoners?"

"Will they be"—

And then I paused.

"Spitted on the market place? Or a certainty they will."

I was thoughtful. These prisoners troubled me.

CHAPTER IX.

HAD I had the opportunity I would one night have cut the prisoners' bonds and let them go free, but this I could not do. They were guarded too carefully, and I was not with what sinister intentions. I spoke about the prisoners to Walen, and he did not sympathize with me at all. He was a good fellow, but, after all, a hard gentleman.

Even in the palace there was high revel, much feasting and drinking, some unfit jesting too. Still, these jests were not spoken in the hearing of the princess, nor did a knight unsteadily approach her. Doubtless she knew that such things happened, but she did not countenance them, although she could not altogether prevent them.

She welcomed me as she welcomed others, although I was now a popular hero. Somewhat piqued, I determined that she should understand that I cared no more for her than for any other woman.

A dozen lovers were ready to my hand, and for sport I chose one partly, partly for revenge. The Lady Aldrida did not beckon me now. Of my own accord I went to her, and she drew her gown aside that I might sit by her.

"You honor me, Sir Verrall."

"Nay, mistress; it is ever the lady who honoreth the knight when she accepts his company."

"And once you swore that you were rough of speech, not given to paying compliments."

She cast down her eyes as she said it. She looked beautiful, and I was in the mood to like her beauty.

"Said I so?" I asked, leaning toward her until the scent of her hair was in my nostrils.

"Indeed you did."

"You must have frowned then, sweet mistress, or I could not have been so ungallant. When you smile the veriest churl could not help but say pretty things."

"Once it was said that could you use your sword as you used your tongue you would be a great warrior. Now"—

"And now?" I asked, touching the lace upon her sleeve in a sort of mute caress.

"Ah, Sir Verrall, you have proved yourself with your sword, yet I doubt if it can work greater damage than your tongue."

"Each to its business," I answered gayly—"the sword for the heart of a man, the tongue for the heart of a woman."

"Any man or any woman?"

"Nay, you wrong me; I vow it. The man must be a foe as surely as the woman one I love."

"Had you said so when you paid no compliments I might have believed you," she whispered.

And I whispered just as low:

"Mistress, I will quarrel with you if you believe me not now."

"Quarrel!" she said, with an anxious look, a little hand laid upon my arm. "Then believe."

(Continued on page 7)

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The Knight of the Silver Star

A Romance of Drussenland

By PERCY BREBNER

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(Continued from page 6.)

A hundred had bowed before her, yet she stood heart whole. It was my own victory—success where others had failed.

And deeper yet I dived, blindfold, as it were.

"Mistress, if you would, prove my faith."

She looked up suddenly, interrupting me.

"May I?"

"How and when you will," I answered.

"Not now," she laughed. "I have no quest to set you to, no enemy who has slandered me to point out."

"Well for him," I boasted, "for I am dangerous when you smile upon me. Still, mistress, there is one question I would ask."

"And I will answer it if I can."

"Your other lovers, have you forgotten them?"

"Sir Verrall!"

"Pardon, mistress, but a lover is a jealous fellow. He must walk alone in his lady's garden or walk not there at all. And beauty cannot hide itself. I have seen many a gallant waiting for one smile from you. Therefore I ask the question."

"My lovers they may be, but no heart chord of mine have they touched. Perchance I smiled, my lord. Would you always have me frowning?"

"Nay, mistress, but there are smiles which only I should have. I pray you smile not so upon them."

"Not on one, my lord, I promise you."

"Not even on"—

"On whom?"

"On Count Vasca. He surely loves you, and he is a valiant knight."

"Loves me! Perhaps once he did, but now it is the princess he would win a gracious word from. Valiant, you say, yet I know one more valiant than he. My heart leaped toward you as Count Vasca rolled to earth that day."

"I have had greater affairs to settle than that, mistress," and, fool that I was, I almost blushed to think how far truth had retreated from me.

"When I seek to prove you it shall be a hard task then," she whispered. And then she stood up suddenly. "There is music in the lower room. My feet long to dance, since my heart is light. Will you take me?"

I believe I would have married her there and then had she asked, so great a fool was I.

The Lady Aldrida danced gracefully, and I do not think I disgraced her as a partner. I did my best to please, for I was glad to lead her through the dance.

The dance over, I pledged her in wine, seeing, as it were, the words I had spoken, and she blushed a sweet acceptance of my homage.

"Has never Vasca pledged you so?" I asked.

"I hope not or yours would be a false pledge, seeing that he seeks my company no longer."

"Truly a fool to forsake such favors."

"Yet he does so for the favors of a princess," she said in a low voice. "Tell me, not as you see with a lover's eyes, but critically—on your honor, critically—am I not as fair as she?"

"Nay, mistress, you judge yourself but harshly," I answered promptly.

Perhaps for this reason I began to hear what others around us were talking of. Until now I had been deaf to all save Lady Aldrida.

"Tomorrow in the market place," were the first words I caught. They were uttered by a man seated a little space from us, spoken to his companion, a woman, and I could well guess of what he spoke.

"Tomorrow!" she said. "Is it not a cruel law?"

"Cruel? Yes, but necessity is often cruel," her companion answered. "To let them go would be madness; to spare them would be to gather enemies within our walls. Speak no more of them. They are not worth the exercise of your sweet lips."

"Pardon me, Sir Knight," I said, turning to him. "Is it of the prisoners you speak?"

"Yes, Sir Verrall. They die tomorrow."

"Prisoners of war always die on the morrow," said Lady Aldrida. "What are they to us?"

"It is a barbarous custom—disgraceful to brave men."

"Still it is the law."

"Then there should be no such law," She shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"What would you, Sir Verrall?" she asked, rising with some excitement.

"I would do something for these same prisoners of ours."

"Tonight?"

"Surely, since they die tomorrow,"

She looked straight into my eyes What she saw there I do not know, but she put her hand in mine suddenly.

"I will do what you will."

"Then let us to the princess."

"Blame me not if we fail," she said. "The princess does not overfavor me at present."

"I have an argument to make her attentive to a petition," I answered. "A dangerous one to use perchance, but this is no time to count the cost."

Count Vasca was still with the princess, and Jasar stood close beside her chair. As we approached I saw that we had come at an inopportune time. Vasca's brow was clouded. That I did not fear. But the princess was evidently angered.

"You come too late to give us counsel, Sir Verrall," she said angrily. "Think you there is nothing besides feasting to be done?"

"Your highness must pardon me, but I thought tonight was given to feasting. The noisy town bid me think so, and"—

"Is it aught to me what the rabble of the town do?" she interrupted.

"And here were dancing and making merry. Your highness did not call me to counsel."

"It seems, Sir Verrall, that you please yourself and come when I do not call."

"To ask a favor, princess."

"Favors are easily asked," she returned in a tone that showed she was prepared to refuse me.

"It is a favor, yet not for myself."

"For the Lady Aldrida, doubtless, since she comes with you. You chose a fitting knight to do your wishes, madame, yet not one who cannot be refused."

She spoke in a sneering fashion, which made me lose some of my calmness I had intended using. The cloud on Vasca's brow lifted too. He was pleased that the princess received me so ungraciously.

"The favor is not for Lady Aldrida. She would doubtless have been received kindly had she brought any request of her own to you. Your highness knows that we have returned from victory."

"I have given my thanks to all who helped to win it," she answered sharply.

"Most graciously," I returned. "A victory brings suffering with it.—I speak not of those who fall fighting, be they friends or foes, but of the prisoners we bring with us—is it well that because they have been brave they should die like dogs in the market place?"

I saw that Jasar was looking at me fixedly. I saw a deeper cloud than ever settle over Vasca's face.

"This lady would plead with me for their pardon. Is it not right that women, with their gentler nature, should touch us men, brought up in ruder manners, something of their gentleness?"

"I do plead with Sir Verrall," said Lady Aldrida.

"This mood is a strange one to catch you in, my lady," said Vasca.

"That Lady Aldrida pleads has no weight with me," said the princess sternly. "Think you, Sir Verrall, it

"LET HIM WHO QUESTIONS MY LOYALTY SPEAK."

was I who made the laws of Drussenland? Is my word to alter laws burned into the very hearts of the people because, forsooth, a knight makes a request?"

"Then, your highness, pardon me; to the princess I will not appeal, but to the woman."

"As you have already appealed to Lady Aldrida I am not so easily urged."

Still Jasar looked fixedly at me, yet I could read no meaning in his eyes.

"Would you starve those who fight for us to feed the traitors who fight against us?" asked Vasca, with a sneer, as he saw that the princess was unlikely to grant my request.

"I would prevent butchery in cold blood, count, though my own life should pay the forfeit."

But my courage did not appeal to her highness.

"Your words savor somewhat of treachery, Sir Verrall," she said. "You are so gently inclined toward my enemies it is hard to believe that you can be equally gentle to my friends."

She could hardly have spoken words to sting me more. Many eyes were fixed upon me now, and I knew that it was likely to be disgraced. Her words made my blood tingle; Vasca's cold smile maddened me

"My deeds have proved me," I answered haughtily. "If further proof is wanting let him who questions my loyalty speak."

I paused. There was no answer to my hot challenge.

"Then only your highness doubts me."

She rose hastily from her chair.

"I have not called in question your deeds in the field, Sir Verrall. Let me not have to question your deeds in my presence. The law must take its course. I have no power to grant your request." And she turned to retire.

I was desperate. Her curt refusal was my disgrace. I saw it in the faces of those about me. I would not let her go thus. I told myself I was fighting for the prisoners, but I was fighting for myself too.

"One deed done in your presence has gone unrewarded, your highness," I said, taking a step toward her.

She stopped and turned to me.

"The call to arms robbed me of the victor's crown. It is ever held that he who conquers in the lists should claim a favor of the lady whose token he wears."

"The lady will no doubt grant it, unless your rashness has made her afraid," she said scornfully, looking at Lady Aldrida.

From my bosom I plucked the handkerchief the princess had given me and fell upon my knee.

"Then, gracious lady, I claim my favor, the lives of those prisoners of war."

CHAPTER X

I HAD put everything upon the hazard of a die, and, kneeling, I awaited the result. There was absolute silence—it seemed to me for a long time—and I could feel that the chamber was charged with an atmosphere of expectancy. At such a moment one takes in many things at a glance. Count Vasca was furious. I saw a curious smile wrinkle the corners of Jasar's mouth, and, although I did not understand its meaning, there was in it something which encouraged me. I was conscious that Lady Aldrida stepped back from me, a movement that indeed suggested fear at my rashness.

I saw the princess start, and then the color dyed her cheeks deeply, but there was no encouragement in her face. For one moment it seemed as if she remembered the giving of the handkerchief, but the next (she was stern, resolute, and I might have been some poor devil craving mercy for myself. Her eyes flashed dangerously, her mouth tightened hard and unforgivingly, her bosom rose and fell in quick movement, telling of a passionate anger which she held in check. She looked superb, but less a woman than I had ever seen her look. Just then she would have inspired fear, but hardly love, I think. My sudden action seemed to have put the key of the situation into my hand for the moment, but her dignity and self possession snatched it from me. Then she spoke clearly, calmly.

"A token must be given to make it of any worth. This handkerchief, as we remember, was merely forgotten when, as a stranger among us, we gave you a word of sympathy. Had we known the use you intended to put it to we should have sent a servant to reclaim it. Never has any subject received a token of ours. You forget yourself, Sir Verrall, and in future we shall know how to treat you. It were well to absent yourself from our presence until we have forgotten the insult."

Then, turning to one of her women, she commanded her to take the handkerchief. Those about me bowed low as the princess passed from the room followed by her attendants.

Not until the curtains had fallen behind her did I rise from my knee. It was not homage which kept me there. I wanted a moment to think. I believed myself something of a martyr for the cause of humanity. I had done the wretched prisoners no good, but I had made the attempt, and since it had failed I should have more enemies in Drussenland than I had ever had before.

Jasar had gone. Vasca was leaving the apartment hurriedly, and those standing near me drew back as I crossed the room.

At the entrance Lady Aldrida stopped me.

"We attempted the impossible, Sir Verrall." I warned you that I was in no great favor with her highness."

"We have done what we could," I answered. "Take heed to yourself, Lady Aldrida. It is ill policy to sympathize with a fallen and disgraced man."

"That man is my"—

"Is a fool, my lady," I interrupted "I am in no mood for talking of it now."

She dropped me a low courtesy, and I went quickly through the other rooms, neither being spoken to nor speaking to any.

As I was leaving the palace, however, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I turned to face a friend, a knight who had ever taken part with me against my enemies.

"Sir Verrall, let me come with you." I warn you I am poor company tonight," I answered.

"Two swords are better than one when the night is dark and the attack sudden and from behind."

"Why should you fear attack tonight?"

"The town is full of drunken soldiers, and a fallen man is food for any assassin's dagger. The murderer may be thanked for getting rid of so turbulent a subject—or thinks he may."

I laughed at his somber foreboding, but I was not ill pleased to have his company. His presence might have protected me, I do not know, but I reached my quarters in safety.

O'Ryan was not there. I guessed that the attempt to rescue the town had proved too much for him tonight, and I was not sorry to be alone. I crossed the room and looked out upon the market place. The sounds of merrymaking ran to the rose top to me. The dawn would bring the chanting priests, the flashing swords and the stakes with their ghastly burdens. What could I do more to prevent the butchery? Nothing—absolutely nothing. I had played my trump card and lost.

Not only had I not helped the prisoners, but I had put my own life in jeopardy. I had no mercy to hope for from the princess, and I could not expect the priests to raise a finger in my protection now that I had attempted to wrench one from their clutches. Should I go to the priests and, playing upon their superstition, command them to save their prisoners? Should I steal out, mount my horse, ride to Yadasara and proffer my services to lead the king's troops to victory against their enemies? Should I go back to the palace and attempt to speak again with the princess? And if I did forget to say, I wondered if the lives of these prisoners were worth the sacrifice I had made for them, whether I should not have been wiser to take O'Ryan's advice and look after my own skin.

Presently I realized that the town had grown quieter. Listening for O'Ryan. I heard something elsestealthy footsteps coming along the corridor. Under the circumstances it was not strange that I should think of treachery. I drew my sword noiselessly and waited. There was a quick knock at my door.

"Who comes at so late an hour?" I said, throwing the door open and ready to defend myself.

"Welcome you all your friends so, Sir Verrall?"

It was Jasar, and he smiled as he pointed to my drawn sword.

"I expected a foe."

"And perhaps with reason," he said. "Still, I come as a friend and secretly. Close the door and make it fast and let us speak low. Your servant has not returned?"

"No."

"And will not to-night. He was found brawling in the streets and was arrested."

"I thought soldiers were privileged to brawl tonight," I said.

"Some—not all."

"You mean that only my servant was arrested?"

He bowed and watched me with a smile upon his face, even as he had watched me as I pleaded to the princess.

"By Vasca's orders, doubtless?"

"Doubtless."

"Ah, for a few moments, with him to settle our score now and for all time!" I said impatiently.

"What can you expect? A fallen man is ever a stepping stone which others use to rise to higher favor."

"Fallen, you say! It is too rash an assertion. Falling, perhaps, but not fallen. When Sir Verrall completely falls he'll carry some ruin with him."

"Brave words—an idle boast I should have said had another uttered them. But Sir Verrall has proved himself as good as his words. Tell me, Jasar, all men as you are in the mind you come from?"

"I am but a poor specimen of my countrymen." I answered. And then I stopped, remembering how I had come to Drussenland as the long expected knight.

"We must talk of that another time," he answered, with a smile. "Now we have other matters in hand. You are right, Sir Verrall. You have not fallen yet, but there are those who think you have."

"You mean"— I began.

"Mark you, Sir Verrall, you were unwise tonight."

"To plead for those wretched prisoners?"

"No. For that I honor you. It was the action of a true knight. The law is a disgrace. I quarrel not with your pleading, but with the manner of it."

"It was the only way."

"There you are in error," he answered. "First you should have come alone. To associate Lady Aldrida with the request was to court failure. Then you should not have asked for an immediate answer. Her highness cannot make and break laws at her pleasure. Your importunity made her resist you."

"Made her doubt my loyalty," I said bitterly. "Had a man so accused me I would have cut out his lying tongue."

"You gave the challenge, Sir Verrall, and since none dared to answer it you had the advantage. But you did not use it. You turned to sneer at the princess. Think you any woman can bear that?"

"My knowledge of women is limited."

"True. I have found it so. You should learn to read women, Sir Verrall, and then you would know how to use your advantage. The princess, after all, is a woman."

I looked at him, trying to discover a deep meaning in his words, but Jasar's face was not easy to read.

"I used the weapons to my hand," I said.

"And used them badly—your last weapon worst of all. It was bravely done, but it was madness, just then."

"I am no courtier where the lives of men are at stake."

"When you should be the courtier most. Yet you do yourself an injustice. I marked you play the courtier well enough to the Lady Aldrida, and the princess saw it also. I can read on the Lady Aldrida's face what the man who whispers to her ear. I saw well that you talked of love."

"And if I did?"

"Was it wise, think you, to produce the princess' token when you had proved how lightly you esteemed it?"

This was an argument I could not find a ready answer to without showing this priest, of whose friendship I had no guarantee, that I thought more of the princess than I cared to acknowledge.

"She doned the gift," he went on. "She could truly do so, for I saw the manner in which it was given. Then you could expect nothing else but her anger and the banishment she pronounced."

"I have fought and lost, as many another man has done before me."

"You have not lost yet, Sir Verrall. I was tonight sent to the priests by her highness. The sacrifice of the prisoners is delayed for the present."

"Thank heaven!" I exclaimed.

"So far you have succeeded. It is possible—nay, probable—that the princess will send for you. Be humble; it will serve you best. Of my coming here you must not speak."

"I thank you for coming."

"For the present the prisoners are safe. You may save them altogether, but in doing so you must be content to put yourself in danger. I know not how her highness will treat you, whether she will forgive you or no, but of this I warn you, that you save the prisoners the priests will be your enemies. They are powerful—more powerful even than Count Vasca to do you harm. I know you to be fearless; I believe you to be true. But mark well how you go after sunset. And one more thing, Sir Verrall—make not other enemies. A foe in steel or even in butchery robes may be met and conquered, but a woman—she has weapons that a man is ill fitted to guard against. I seek no confidence; I only advise. Lady Aldrida is a dangerous friend. There is a whole armory of danger in that fair woman."

"You wrong her. I dare swear that you wrong her."

She had stood by me. I could do no less than protect her.

"I have given my advice," he said calmly "It is for you to use it or not, as you will. Good night. When I am gone make fast the door again. For your danger lurks in every shadow. At some other time we will talk of that country of yours. It should be a good land whose knights are fearless and true and yet gentle as you are, Sir Verrall—a good land, indeed."

CHAPTER XI.

I CLOSED the door and fastened it and stretched myself upon my couch, intending to keep awake. The walls around me might not be so solid as they looked, but I was weary. My nerves had been at high tension for hours, and nature asserted herself.

Because of its leadership in sales in the fine six field . . . because of its association with the vast General Motors organization, McLaughlin-Buick is able to build a better car at a lower cost. And, in accord with the McLaughlin-Buick and General Motors policy, McLaughlin-Buick turns these advantages into greater values for the motor car buyer.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT — McLAUGHLIN-BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Indian Day Celebrations at Banff

Upper—The day of the parade when Indians of all tribes came for the inspection. Lower left—Squaws receiving their feed rations. Lower right—An Indian of today depicting one of a hundred years ago.

No section of Canada can claim a monopoly of Indian Summer, but, to Banff, Alta., belongs Indian Days. Indian Summer occurs in the fall and may last two or three weeks; Indian Days occur in July and are only three in number; but, for those for whom they are named, there is more real pleasure crowded into that short time than they experience during the other three hundred and sixty-two days of the year.

For three days the Indian is "King of Banff." He pitches his tepees under the cliffs of Cascade Mountain, known to the Indians from ancestral days as "Stoney Chief". Close to "Stoney Chief" and still known by its original name stands "Stoney Squaw". The latter is a pretty mountain, much smaller than its neighbour, but with an appealing feminine dignity all its own. The reason, then, for the Indians' original choice of names is obvious to all.

For these three festival days the Indian is lord of all he surveys, and all through the village of Banff and in and around the famous Banff Springs Hotel the scene resembles a veritable monster Indian camp. The event that probably led up to the adoption of Indian Days occurred in July 1889 when rail traffic both east and west of Banff was tied up for a period of ten days, as heavy rains had washed out the tracks in both directions. The Banff Springs Hotel, then a small structure, was crowded with tourists who found [illegible] their hands [illegible] one ton.

The hotel manager at that time and Tom Wilson, the famous Rocky Mountain guide, then put their heads together and decided to invite up the whole Stoney Indian Tribe from the Morley Reserve to make friends with the visitors.

What is today the main road to the hotel was on that occasion staked off as a race track, the winning post being placed at the hotel entrance. Every form of race and sport known to the Indians was held, in addition to many suggested by the white spectators. Altogether the visit of the Indians was a marvellous success, and it ultimately led to the establishment in 1907 of an annual Indian Day, which in time grew into the continent-wide advertised Indian Days. The Indians look forward to these days with the greatest enthusiasm and early on in the year start counting "only so many days now till we go to Banff". The Indian village of a hundred tepees is, as said before, located at the foot of Cascade Mountain for this festival, and is semi-circular in form, each band of the tribe having a section to themselves. Rations are served directly the Indian village is in shape. The Government donates three buffalo annually to the Indians, and the first one of these is then shot by a game guardian and quickly cut up by the redskin butchers. So skilled and speedy are the few Indian butchers employed, that within thirty minutes after the shot is fired, there is not a vestige left of what was once a lordly animal weighing approximately one ton.

the room when I awoke. Daylight filled first thought was one of it, and was that no tragedy was to be enacted in the square that morning. My next thought was of O'Ryan. That he had been arrested by Vasca's orders as an insult to me I had no doubt, but I could see no way of avenging the insult at present.

Bearing the priest's warning in mind, I went out little during the next three days. I attended to my duties in the camp and visited the guardroom each morning, but did not linger to gossip with any of my comrades. It was on the third day that I met Count Vasca. He approached me in the most friendly manner. "You have my sympathy regarding the oth er night, Sir Verrall," he said. "Most of us know what it is to be temporarily under a cloud. You have heard doubtless that her highness is wavering with regard to the prisoners?"

"I hear little since I am banished from the court," I answered.

"I thought Lady Aldrida might have kept you informed of what was going forward."

"I have not seen her since that night, Sir Vasca. Besides, is she not under as heavy a cloud as I am?"

"The selfsame cloud, Sir Verrall, but it will pass. You were unfortunate enough to offend her highness some what, but I have some power with her, being her kinsman, and will speak for you and for the lady."

"You are generous, count, but I would sooner plead my own cause."

"As you will. I offered as a friend."

That day O'Ryan returned, and, feeling that I owed him some explanation as to why I had not used every en deavor to release him, I told him of my banishment.

"The prisoners may live, but they'll be the death of us, Verrall, unless you're careful. I wasn't brawling the other night. For the life of me I could not make out why I was arrested, but now it is all explained. Once you are thoroughly out of favor we may as well commit suicide to prevent a worse end."

"There is always Yadasara as refuge," I suggested.

"Aye, if we can get there, I ask nothing better. But we've got to get there, Verrall."

That evening the princess sent for me. I had just concluded that my suspense was not to be relieved that day when one of the princess' guard came. "Her highness' orders, and will you follow me, Sir Verrall?"

We crossed the great hall, which was in darkness, and went along many corridors with many turnings, so that I should have been quite unable to retrace my steps.

Presently we stopped apparently in the middle of a corridor.

To be Continued.

Use of Opium Lessened.

The Bengal opium committee which recently investigated the excessive consumption of the drug in Calcutta, in a report to the Government, recommend that as soon as practicable all opium dens in Calcutta and the neighboring industrial areas should be legally suppressed and that opium smoking should be made illegal. The committee states that "improved facilities for medical assistance with better sanitation and a higher standard of education" have brought about a gradual diminution in the consumption of opium among the middle classes of the Bengali community.

The figures put before the committee showed that in fifteen years there had been a decrease in consumption in Calcutta from 43,408 pounds to 22,740 pounds.

Lovely Sport Dresses for Summer Activities

One, Two and Three-Piece Styles

Styles for summer have been released. At every turn on Fashion's highway, Sport dresses have the right of way. They lead the field for all occasions, from sun-up to sun-down. They're a part of the summer picture and are wearable by players and watchers alike.

Silhouettes

Paris stylists exploit one, two and three-piece costumes. Diagonal fabric insets, tucks and stitching create smart ornamentation for the tunic and cardigans. Pleats in infinite variety, style the skirts.

Materials

Wool Georgette, Wool Jersey and Spider-Web are the three materials that bask in fashionable approval for the season. Frequently silk, in plain or printed patterns are combined. Sea Crest Green, Chin Chin Blue, Sunlight, Red, Mother Goose, Peach Beige, Tea Rose are approved shades for summer.

Priced from **$13.95 to $35.00.**

NEW SPRING MERCHANDISE

Savings are now Obtainable **on Spring Styles in Velour Coats**

Lined Styles $10.95. Unlined Styles $9.95

In this assemblage are seven attractively and authentically styled versions of the spring coat mode. All are in slenderizing straight-line silhouettes. All seven styles are made from well napped Canadian Velour. Collars are embellished with coney furs. Inset side panels and pockets, side stitching and side cording create attractive ornamentation. You'll find these coats dependable for utility wear. Displayed in shades of Sand, Taupe, Tan, Green, Cadet Blue, Black.

Sizes 36 to 46.

54 Inch Kashette Coating

$2.29 Per Yard

Kasha finished Coatings are much approved by style artists this season. They are selected for the fashioning of Sportswear, Ensembles, Top-coats. It's supple, graceful folds can be quickly and easily transformed into garments that are beautiful and serviceable.

This range at $2.29 is particularly desirable. The weight is just right to enable superb tailoring. Obtainable in shades of Natural, Grey, Polo Blue, Green, Rose, Tan.

Choose Orient Purple Stripe Hosiery for Surprising Wear

Pure Thread Silk $1.50 Pr.

The Silk in this particular $1.50 grade will please the eye. And the enduring service will prove an economy that will please the purse. To achieve a slim-trim ankle, wear this full fashioned stocking. For appearance, durability and downright value, it's non-surpassable as a $1.50 value.

Obtainable in five delightful Spring shades, Gunmetal, Ecstasy, Shell, Sand, Nothing. Allsizes.

Black Duchess Satin--Special at 98c. per yd.

36 Inches Wide

Only 40 Yards in Lot

Most women find a black dress useful. It is usually the backbone of the wardrobe and worn persistently. And most women wear black admirably, especially if combined with color. This special value is essentially a dress satin. It possesses a rich finish and is a firm weight. Will combine smartly with other fabrics. Our quantity is limited—you'll need to hurry to share.

Harvey Brand Rayon Silk Lingerie Gowns, Slips, Bobettes and Vests

Rayon Silk Underwear has a charmed popularity. It's good enough to associate with finest wearables and it's serviceable enough for constant wear.

In "Harvey Brand" we offer the finest of all Canadian makes.

Finest in quality—in style—in tailoring—in proportions.

The new Spring Styles and Colors have been launched. They radiate a delicacy of touch that is particularly feminine.

It's time to make your selections and we invite you to see the new "Harvery Creations."

Gowns, priced $3.50, $3.25, $3.00 each.

Slips, priced $4.25, $3.50, $3.00 each.

Bobettes, priced $1.50 pair.

Vests, priced $1.50, $1.00 each.

In shades of Apricot, Peach, Nile, Sand, Sunset, Platinum, White, Black.

Becoming Spring Coats for Girls' Wear

Fashioned from Tweeds, Kashettes, Tricotines, Broadcloths--Priced from $5.95 to $16.50.

The younger set will find these smart versions of the coat mode most practical for school and after hours wear. They faithfully follow the ways of the season with their becoming collars edged with fur, finished with scarf ties or trimly tailored. Many coats employ belts to create their youthful chic, others are decorated with tucks, pleats and pockets.

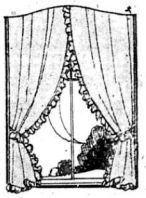
In a smart assortment of spring-time colorings.

Frilled Curtains Strike a Modern Note in Spring Decorations for Up-stair Rooms

The urge for frilled curtains bursts forth this year in a picturesque pageantry of color and charm. They brighten the rooms in which they're used. They seem to bring Spring sunshine indoors.

Our new Spring stocks feature many delightful styles in frilled curtains. You'll be making changes and we invite your inspection of these most tempting curtains.

Priced from 59c. to $8.75 pair.



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It's easily cleaned and easily kept so.

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If you are planning on new floors this Spring, bring your requirements and specifications to us. We'll guarantee to please from our new Spring Stocks. Stocks complete in various usable widths and dependable qualities.

Direct shipments from the producers enable us to quote the lowest obtainable prices.

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PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Greene have returned from Ogdensburgh, N.Y.

Mrs. Irvine Vanalstine has returned from spending the winter at Sillsville.

Mr. Wm. O'Neil is in Toronto Hospital undergoing treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cuppage, Bath, left last week to spend two months in England.

Mrs. J. S. Ham and Capt. Douglas Ham are visiting friends in Toronto.

Mrs. C. W. Conway spent last week-end in Toronto.

Mr. Lorne Wartman left last week for Toronto, where he has secured a position.

Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Woodger spent the week-end the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Tanton at Cobourg.

Miss Dorcas Randall, Pittsburg, was the week-end guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Randall.

Mrs. George Fisher is sailing on Friday to visit her parents in London, Eng. Mr. Fisher will accompany her to Montreal.

Miss Irene Shibley Cowan, of Toronto, granddaughter of Mr. Geo. Shibley, received her diploma from the Bible College, Toronto, at the annual exercises held last week.

BIRTHS

McMillan—At Napanee, on Sunday, April 29th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McMillan, a son.

DEATHS

McCulloch—Early on Sunday morning, April 29th, at his late residence, 96 Walmsley Boulevard, Toronto, Rev. Robert McCullough, in his 85th year, husband of the late Eveline Hawkins McCulloch.

McKeown—At South Fredericksburgh, on Monday, April 30th, 1928, Michael McKeown, aged 64 years, 11 months.

Judgment for $291.61 for the plaintiff was given by Judge H. A. Lavell in the case of Elizabeth Fairfild, Mabel Fairfield and Louise Fairfield, against C. W. Vandervoort, sheriff of the County of Lennox and Addington, which was recently heard in County Court. The claim of the plaintiffs was for $491.40 received by the defendant by virtue of a writ of fieri facias against Maria Rodwell Midmer and W. D. Midmer.

Mr. Geo. Tustin has disposed of the land on which the Rennie Block stood to Mr. Case, of Toronto.

To sufferers of rheumatism, gout, sciatica and neuritis, and uric poisoning, I have a real remedy, certain in results and quick relief. A harmless and drugless mineral remedy. Call or write MRS. W. M. HENDERSON, Npanee, R. R. 1. 22-hp

Belleville, April 26.—The fear of rabies among canines has spread to this district, and today at Shannonville, nine miles from Belleville, 34 dogs were destroyed by shooting. Notices have been posted in this city to shut up the dogs or else they will be shot on sight.

Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Desceronto Road, passed away on Thursday last, after but a short illness from pneumonia. Mrs. Thompson is survived by her husband, two sons and a daughter. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon to Riverside Cemetery, Napanee.

The final meeting of the Young People's Union of Trinity church before the summer holidays was held last night, there being a fairly good attendance of members present. The meetings during the past term have been well attended with much enthusiasm prevailing. The opening meeting will be held again in September.

Rev. Robert McCulloch, a former pastor of the Methodist church at Newburgh, and who was also a prominent divine in the Bay of Quinte district for years, died at his home in Toronto on Sunday morning, in his 85th year. Deceased was president of the Bay of Quinte Conference in 1908-9, and three times a delegate to the General Conferne.

"Strive to enter in by the narrow door; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in and shall not be able," Luke 13-24; "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved and shall go in and out and find pasture," John 10-9; "I am the way, and the truth and the life: no one cometh to the Father but by Me," John 14-6; "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me," Matt. 10-28.

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinners ears
'Tis life and health and peace.

A BIBLE LOVER. 18-1-y

The contract for the erection of the new public school in North Fredricksburgh, it is understood, has been awarded to Belleville contractors and it is expected that the work will start at an early date

The firemen had a call to the home of Mr. Ross Paul, Bridge street west, on Sunday evening, about six o'clock. A few shingles had to be ripped off and small damage resulted from the use of water.

Rev. C. W. DeMille of King street United church, Oshawa, has been transferred to the London Conference and will assume his new pastorate in Stratford in June. Mr. DeMille is a former pastor of Trinity United Church.

Rev. A. C. Hoffman, of Rednersville, who has been a member of the Bay of Quinte Conference for many years, has asked for and been granted his superannuation and has been transferred from this Conference to the Toronto Conference. Mr. Hoffman is well known in the Napanee district, he having been stationed at Bath a few years ago.

Another interesting article on the practical planting of trout fry by John Gall of Toronto, is one of the features of the May issue of ROD AND GUN AND CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS, which is just published. Besides this there is published an complement of the usual fishing articles and stang and popular authors of the mries he and in the regular departments on angling, guns and ammunition, outdoor talk and kennel.

Bonnycastle Dale, a well-known out-door writer, contributed an interesting article on where to fish in the maritimes this year. The approach of the fishing season also occasions the appearance of much interesting material in G. P. Sladen's department. The conservation campaign of the magazine is supplemented this month by a worthy article on fish and game conditions in Alberta by C. A. Hayden, of Calgary. The Canadian Silver Fox News Section also contains several practical articles.

Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

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THE MILLS HATCHERY, 18-3m. Napanee.

Electric Train on Tweed Run.

On Monday next, the Canadian National Railways will put an electric train into operation between Kingston and Tweed. This train will be comprised of one passenger and of one baggage car and will take the place of the steam train now in operation.

Annual Meeting.

The Paisley House was the scene of enthusiasm last Thursday night, when it was filled to overflowing with representatives of the various teams and fans of the County, for the annual meeting of the Lennox and Addington Baseball League. President Henderson, of Odessa, occupied the chair and judging by the keen interest displayed by the delegates on the several motions before the chair, this should be the best year in the League's history. The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows:

Past Pres.—Mr. Henderson, Odessa.

President—W. H Roe, Napanee

Vice-Pres.—Frank Gallagher, Adolphustown.

Secy-Treas.—Authmire Pybus, Napanee.

The Manager and Secretary of each club will form the Executive. President Roe has called an executive meeting for May 10th, 1928, at 8 o'clock, when the following clubs are expected to enter: Napanee, Odessa, Adolphustown, Newburgh, Strathcona, Yarker, Tamworth and Enterprise.

A SCHEME THAT IS APPRECIATED.

Sickness, accident, pension and death benefits paid out of the fund provided by the Bell Telephone Company for the protection of its 14,900 employees and their dependents, amounted in 1927 to $296,941. Perhaps the best evidence of employee appreciation of the Company's Benefit Plan is to be found in the record of continuous service amongst Bell workers. There is perhaps no company in the Dominion with an equal record for long term service among its employees.

BIG FIRE SALE!

Our Entire Stock

of Slightly Damaged Footwear by water and smoke

Must be Cleared by Saturday, May 5th

MONDAY, MAY 7th we revert back to regular business.

Don't miss the Biggest Shoe Bargains ever offered in Napanee.

FOR WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY

we have taken every pair of Shoes from our stock which received the slighest water damage and have marked them at prices which should clear practicaliy every pair in the four days.

25 per cent. Discount on all Travelling Goods, Trunks, Club Bags, and Suit Cases.

TERMS, CASH. **No Refund on Sale Goods.**

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